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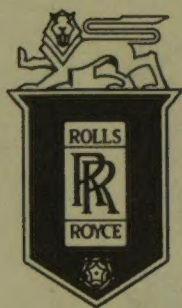
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Player's please

[NCC 855A]



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In the reign of the first Elizabeth, a perfect complexion was a rose of very real worth. For, alas, most ladies were marked, to a greater or a lesser degree, with unsightly blemishes. The reasons? Perhaps the most important was that their food-stuffs, being passed from hand to hand, were exposed to the manifold infections that swept through the land like ravening wolf packs.

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gone. Thanks to modern packaging our food is protected to a degree unknown to our ancestors. And over half the packaging board produced in Britain is made by Thames Board Mills. So the higher our standard of living rises, the greater the demand for "Thames Board" and "Fiberite" cases. Vital indeed is the part that Thames Board Mills play in the nation's economy.



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"FIBERITE" Packing Cases in solid and corrugated fibreboard.

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Wherever there is steel there is British steel.

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Sterling Silver has an indefinable air about it that speaks

quietly but insistently of character and discernment.

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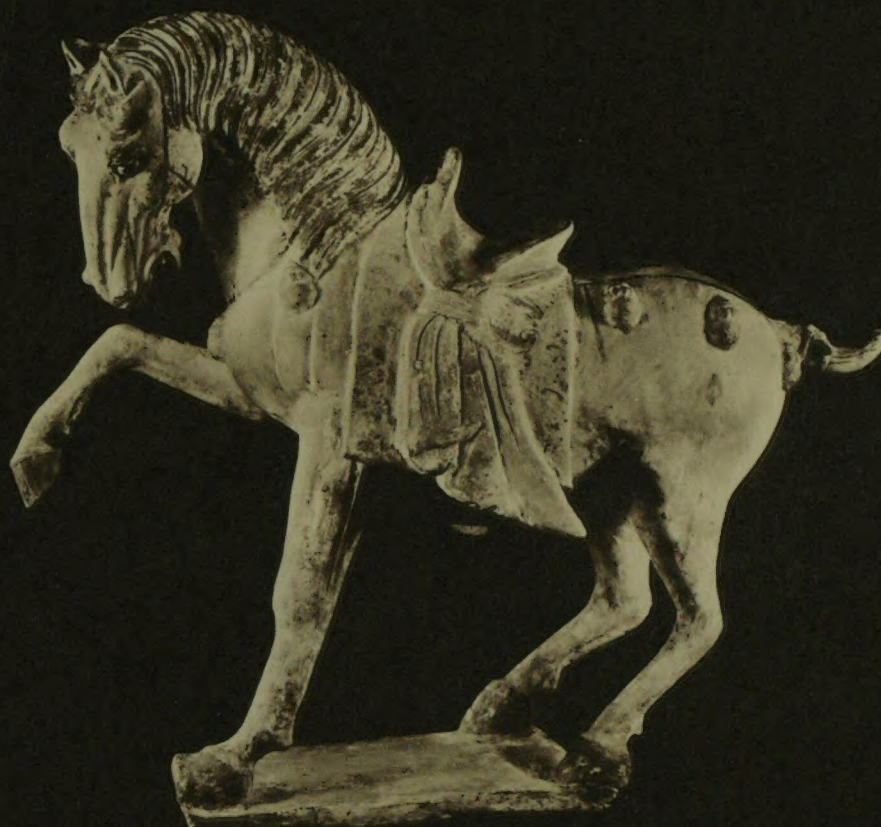
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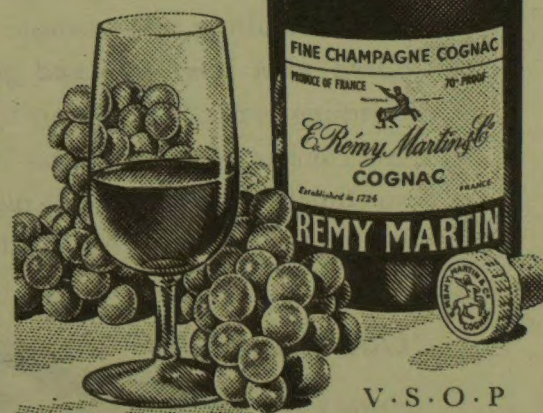
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The best brandy comes from Cognac. The finest Cognac comes from the Grande and Petite Champagne districts in the centre of Cognac. All Remy Martin Cognac is made from grapes grown exclusively in these two areas. That is why people ask for Remy Martin and are never disappointed.



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SUBLIME EASE OF HANDLING

...only one of the gifts of the DAIMLER CONQUEST

The Fluid Transmission Conquest is a car you can park with virtually one foot! You simply set the hand-throttle to a fast tick-over—select your gear—then all you have to do is control the movement of the car with the foot brake only. This, combined with a remarkably small turning circle of 33 feet, and a light steering action, makes handling really simple.

Speed with comfort—and good looks too. Ease of handling is not the only virtue of the Conquest. This fine car has pace—up to 60 in 20.4 seconds and on to an effortless top speed of 80 plus. *Laminated torsion bar suspension* gives absolutely

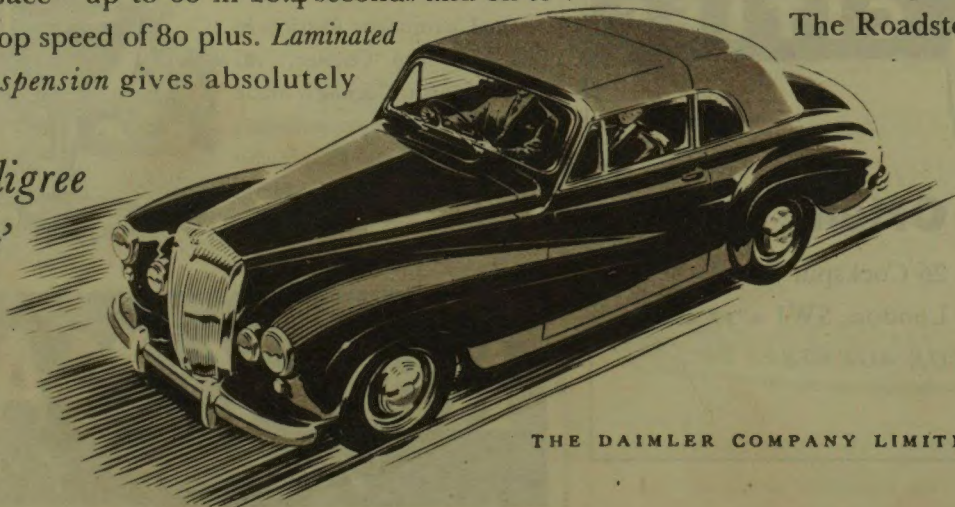
faultless road-holding. *Automatic chassis lubrication* provides continuous efficiency without thought or worry.

More rear-seat leg space. The Conquest is a fine-looking car with typical Daimler dignity. It is also roomy and comfortable, the new model having 4 inches more leg space in the rear seat. Price £1511. 5. 10 inclusive.

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The 'Conquest Century' £1661. 9. 2. incl.
The Coupé £1736. 10. 10. incl.
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comes pace'



The 100.bhp Conquest Coupé.
Power-operated drophead adjustable
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ville' and fully open.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1955.



AN UNFORGETTABLE MOMENT IN ENGLISH HISTORY: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WELCOMING THE QUEEN ON HER ARRIVAL FOR HIS FAREWELL DINNER-PARTY IN DOWNING STREET ON APRIL 4. LADY CHURCHILL IS ON THE LEFT.

Another unforgettable date has been inscribed in the annals of British history—Monday, April 4, 1955—for on that evening Queen Elizabeth II. and her Consort dined for the last time with Sir Winston Churchill as Prime Minister of Great Britain. It was generally realised that the banquet would be—as indeed it was—the stately prelude to Sir Winston's retirement from that great office which he has held twice—in the cruel and arduous war years from 1940-45; and since

October 1951. The gathering was attended by a number of Sir Winston's past and present Government colleagues, as well as by the Queen and the Duke. After Sir Winston Churchill had proposed her Majesty's health, in a characteristically finely phrased and moving speech, the Sovereign rose and said she wished to do something which probably few of her predecessors had had an opportunity of doing—and that was to propose the health of her Prime Minister.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I DO not know why I should have lighted on the year 1886. The long row of old *Punches*, in their red morocco bindings, situated under a window-seat that also extends across the room, line the whole of one end of the room in which I work, and it is hard for a pedant with shortening sight to select any particular volumes without lying on his face on the floor or hanging upside down on the window-seat like a stout, bald bat! So I thrust down my hand and drew out one at random, and it happened to be 1886. For after a task persisted in too long I was tired and felt that I needed an escapist hour. And I know of no surer or easier way of achieving this than by taking down a Victorian volume of either *Punch* or *The Illustrated London News*, and turning over its pages. Being also physically tired and wishing to enjoy my escapist treat on a sofa, I chose *Punch*, for the nineteenth-century volumes of *The Illustrated London News*, though even more fascinating than those of its comic contemporary, are of such a weight and size that to read one on one's back requires the physique and dexterity of arm of a circus performer, and I was never a gymnast.

So the January to June *Punch* of 1886 it was, and a very happy choice it turned out to be. The first page I opened took me straight into that vanished but, to me, still memorable world; for, though I was born after it, through my parents and early home I inherited it. There, entering the room, announced by a tail-coated and properly deferential footman and greeted by a tall, handsome, stiffly bowing and immaculately dressed young artist, was the very image and spit of my own long dead and most formidable grandmother, in ribboned bonnet, shiny black velvet cape lavishly bordered with fur, with fur boa and muff, over a heavy ruched satin dress beneath which the feet are completely hidden, accompanied by a benevolent, frock-coated Victorian gentleman of consequence, with his top-hat in hand, and between them their tall, elegant, classically moulded and featured daughter, wearing a little hat with a high satin cockade, a tight jacket with fur tippet, a looped dress with Grecian bend just revealing a narrow, slanting strip of striped petticoat, her feet, like her mother's, invisible, and her hands coyly concealed in a muff held at arm's length in front of her. *My Lady*, runs the caption beneath the picture

"A—pray forgive our intrusion—but—is it true that Artists' Models are becoming the Pets of Society?"

OUR ARTIST: "It says so in *Punch's Almanack*, Madam! Surely that is sufficient proof!"

MY LADY: "Quite so. A—our Daughtah is desirous of earning a little money that way—a—a—"

OUR ARTIST: "It's very hard work, Madam, and poor Pay—only a Shilling an hour!"

MY LADY: "Oh, that would do very well. A—we would send and fetch her in the Carriage at any time convenient to yourself, and—a—of course she would always be accompanied by her maid when Sir Charles or myself couldn't come."

"What our Artist has to put up with," it is called, in the traditional *Punch* patter, and very satisfying, if not mirth-provoking (which I dare say it was at the time) I found it. And, as I looked at the picture and slipped away, like Alice descending her rabbit-hole, from the post-war, post-social-revolution London of 1955, I saw my revered grandmother arriving to stay in my parents' little house in London in the opening years of the century, carrying with her all the consequence and dignity and sober *panache* of the propertied 'eighties, with my erect, courteous but slightly defensive father making a fuss of her, as befitted a good son-in-law—and he was unfailingly good in all his family relationships—and my still girlish mother, with her tall figure and classical features and sweet smile, half-running to greet her. I could hear the tinkle of the hansoms and the clatter of hoofs on the wooden pavement outside and see the aproned and capped parlourmaid shutting the library door and feel that surge of inexplicable nostalgia for the past—my

own and everyone else's—that I suppose partly accounts for the fact that I grew up to be a scribbler and a historian instead of what I had always wanted to be—a man of action and a soldier.

"The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars
But in ourselves that we are underlings."

And on the opposite page is a stately and rather lackadaisical personage with a long nose and moustache and a slightly receding chin, in an immense check tweed ulster such as my father used to wear on railway journeys, holding a travelling bag in one hand and doffing his hat to a pig-tailed Hibernia, complete with pig, who addresses him thus:

MRS. HIBERNIA, *Landlady of the Castle*: "It's sorry I am ye're going, my lord, for it's yourself is the nice aisy-going purty-spoken say-nothing-to-nobody sort o' gentleman entirely, that anyone can get on with. And if ye're not coming back, maybe ye'll recommend the place to the Duke o' Connaught. Sure he'd find it the hoighth of good living, and pleasant quarters for summer and winter, if he'd only come an' make himself at home. Good luck to ye, my lord!"

Who the retiring Lord Lieutenant was, I cannot at this moment recall, and am feeling far too idle, as I recline on the sofa with *Punch* open in front of me, to get up and ascertain. But if any of my readers are kind enough to wish to write and enlighten me, may I thank them in advance and ask them to accept this sentence as an acknowledgment! To which, having glanced at the letterpress on the opposite page, I can now add a postscript, rendering such kind letters unnecessary, for it was apparently Lord Carnarvon (whose charming Italian villa I remember once occupying during a brief Mediterranean pre-war holiday). The possible reasons for his departure are also explained by *Punch* as being due to

"He doesn't exactly know why, but somehow the place doesn't suit him; He suffers so much there from chronic catarrh; He is obliged to attend the meeting of the Cabinet Council;

He has received a telegram from Lord Salisbury, saying, 'You are no use, and had better come out of it' He thinks, as he has been in office nearly six months, it is about time for him to resign;

He is anxious to see how the country will get on without him;

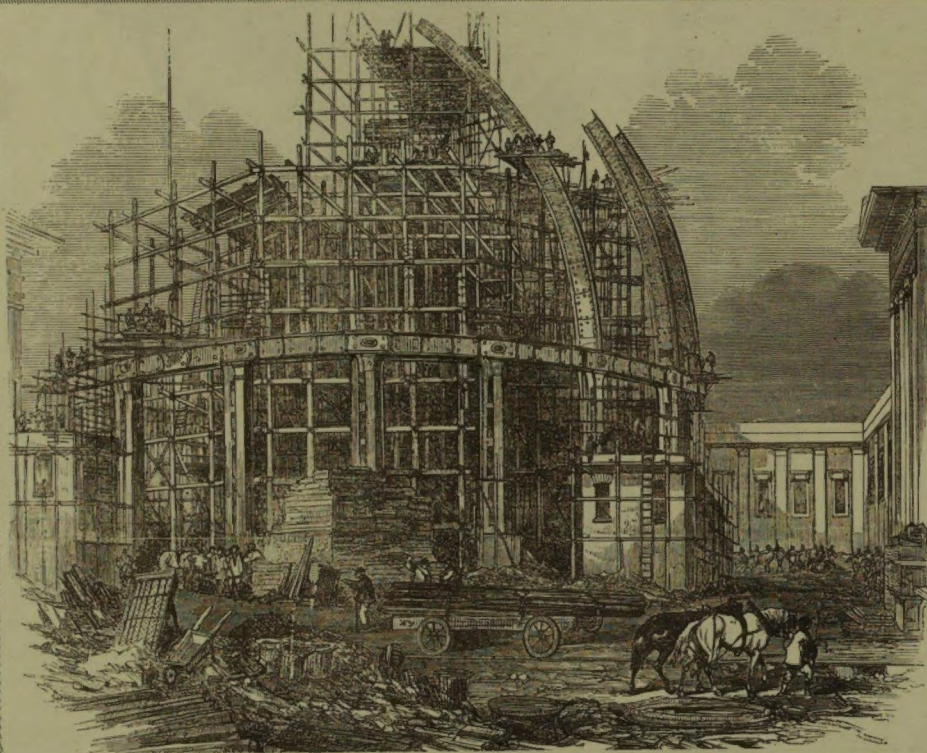
He has always been fond of dropping out of a Government;

And finally that, in so doing on this occasion, he is only anticipating by a few weeks the action of all his colleagues."

Far away and long ago!—the venerable, bearded "Markiss" in ceremonial uniform or sitting on the Front Bench, with his vast, domed head sunk on his chest, looking rather like Sir Winston Churchill

with a beard; the white waistcoated young men putting on their gloves as they ascend the great staircase to greet their stately hostess; the drunks lying on the pavement under the disapproving eyes of heavily whiskered "bobbies," and the ragged crossing-sweepers in their battered top-hats exchanging the time of day and a copper with their passing clients; the glorious, Trollopian, gaitered bishops and deans drawn by Du Maurier; the assembled carriages with their wonderful horses and footmen set against the dense foliage and noble trees of the Park, now fast disappearing under the reforming zeal of tidy-minded, urban-souled bureaucrats; the hungry, angry, demonstrating unemployed breaking the Sabbath quiet and plate-glass windows of Regent Street shops and Pall Mall clubs. And yet—and this is part of the charm of it—Randolph Churchill baiting the near octogenarian Gladstone across the famous table, the perennial sessions of our unchanging Parliament, John Chinaman "makee-trouble"; the traffic-blocks in the London streets; the continuity of our national life is there; everything changes yet nothing changes wholly. The mirror of the past reflects not only the past but the present, and the present is itself a continuation of the past.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF APRIL 14, 1855.



"THE NEW READING ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION."

"... The annual increase of volumes at the British Museum has for some time past amounted to 20,000—5000 more than the number now contained in the Reading-room. . . . Books, however, like other substances, require a certain amount of space, and it became necessary to obtain increased accommodation. Several plans were offered, and at length that at present in progress (the happy suggestion of Mr. Panizzi) was adopted. In the main Museum building was left a large square open area, in which it has been determined to erect a structure which would answer the purposes of a new Reading-room, and, besides, afford space for many thousand volumes. The Reading-room will form, in the centre of the new structure, a circle of 140 ft. in diameter, 440 ft. in circumference and 106 ft. high. From the height of about 30 ft. a dome springs. . . . The appearance of the works a few days ago was so extraordinary that we have considered it worthy of a Sketch. The scaffolding is of ingenious and clever construction. . . . The framework of the centre structure is of iron, and the whole, up to the spring of the arch, has been raised by a moveable platform working from a centre. About 2000 poles, of some 35 to 60 ft. long, and 7 or 8 ins. in diameter, have been required for the construction of this ingenious design. . . . The Reading-room, designed by Mr. (later Sir Anthony) Panizzi, and built by Mr. Sydney Smirke, was opened in 1857. During World War II. adjacent parts of the Museum were damaged by enemy bombs; but when the Reading-room was redecorated in 1951-52 it was found that the dome was in remarkably good condition."



THE QUEEN AT THE KENT OIL REFINERY, ISLE OF GRAIN: IN THE BACKGROUND, LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE THE ATMOSPHERIC DISTILLATION UNIT THROUGH WHICH ALL CRUDE OIL PASSES, AND THE TWO VACUUM DISTILLATION UNITS.



THE QUEEN AND (LEFT CENTRE) THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEAVING THE PLATFORMER UNIT, RECENTLY BROUGHT INTO OPERATION, WHICH CONVERTS NAPHTHA INTO A MOTOR SPIRIT COMPONENT.



HER MAJESTY RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM A PROCESS OPERATOR'S TEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER. (RIGHT) LORD STRATHALMOND, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL CO.



AFTER VISITING THE 32,000-TON OIL TANKER *BRITISH SAILOR*, WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND: THE QUEEN, WITH LORD STRATHALMOND, ON ONE OF THE JETTIES.



DURING HER VISIT TO THE REFINERY, HER MAJESTY TOURED THE CHEMICAL LABORATORIES, AND IS HERE SEEN INSPECTING A MODEL OF ONE OF THE PLANTS.



AT THE END OF THE ROYAL VISIT: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEAVING THE REFINERY BY HELICOPTER TO OPEN THE NEW MEDWAY COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE ISLE OF GRAIN: THE QUEEN AT THE HUGE NEW KENT OIL REFINERY.

On Tuesday, April 5, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a two-hour visit to Britain's newest oil refinery, the £40,000,000 Kent Oil Refinery on the Isle of Grain, which is owned and operated by the British Petroleum Company, Ltd. In warm sunshine the Queen and the Duke, who were escorted by Lord Strathalmond (formerly Sir William Fraser), chairman of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, toured the refinery and watched many of the processes. At the oil jetties the Queen and the Duke went aboard two oil tankers. One was the

British Princess, which the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, named at Sunderland in April 1946; and the other was the *British Sailor* (shown on this page). Work on the Kent Oil Refinery, which has been designed to handle 4,000,000 tons of crude oil every year, began in June 1950. From the Refinery the Duke flew to open the new Medway College of Technology near Chatham, and the Queen returned to Buckingham Palace where, a little later, she received Sir Winston Churchill and accepted his resignation as Prime Minister.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF SEA AND AIR EVENTS: FROM BRITAIN, AUSTRALIA AND AMERICA.



IN SUPER-PRIORITY PRODUCTION FOR THE R.A.F.: THE HANDLEY PAGE VICTOR CRESCENT-WING BOMBER IN WHICH THE UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR MADE A TRIAL FLIGHT. When the Under-Secretary of State for Air, the Hon. George Ward, paid a visit to Handley Page's Radlett aerodrome on April 1, he made an hour's flight of inspection in the Victor bomber, now in super-priority production for the R.A.F. The Victor, a crescent-winged bomber powered by four Sapphire turbojet engines, is capable of very high sub-sonic speeds at heights of nearly ten miles.



APPRAISING A MODEL OF THE MAYFLOWER AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS. A REPRODUCTION OF THE ACTUAL MAYFLOWER IS TO BE BUILT IN BRITAIN AT AN ESTIMATED COST OF £110,000 AND PRESENTED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

A close reproduction of the 180-ton *Mayflower*—which carried the Pilgrim Fathers to America in 1620—is to be built in this country, sailed across the Atlantic by Royal Naval personnel, and presented to the American people. Above, inspecting a model of the *Mayflower* at Plymouth, Massachusetts, are (l. to r.): Mr. William Brewster, a descendant of one of the original pilgrims, Mr. Henry Hornblower, President of Plymouth Plantations, Mrs. A. E. Saunders, wearing Quaker clothes of the seventeenth century, Mr. William Baker, who designed the model, and Mr. John Lowe, Director of the British group sponsoring the project. The new *Mayflower*, it is hoped, will leave Plymouth in October 1956.



A STERN VIEW OF THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC SUBMARINE, THE NAUTILUS (3000 TONS). HER TRIALS ARE SAID TO BE NOW COMPLETED.

The United States Navy held a Press Conference on March 30, and, for the first time, reporters were allowed to go on the deck of the new atom-powered submarine, *Nautilus*. Her captain stated that builders' trials are finished, and that a demonstration for a Navy Board of Acceptance will follow.



BEING TOWED FROM SYDNEY TO THE CLYDE TO BE BROKEN UP: THE FORMER AUSTRALIAN CRUISER H.M.A.S. AUSTRALIA.

The last voyage of the former Royal Australian Navy cruiser *Australia* began on March 26, when she left Sydney Harbour towed by the Dutch tug *Rode Zee*. She is bound for the Clyde to be broken up. The *Australia*, laid down in the yards of John Brown Ltd. in March 1927, had a displacement of 9870 tons.



FOR DELIVERY TO FOUR EASTERN AIR FORCES: DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF THE DE HAVILLAND VAMPIRE AND A VENOM FIGHTER-BOMBER.

Since the war, over a thousand de Havilland jet fighters and trainers have been sold overseas to allied and friendly nations. The four aircraft above, a *Vampire* advanced trainer, a *Venom* fighter-bomber, a *Vampire* night fighter and a *Vampire* fighter are awaiting delivery to Burma, Iraq, India and Egypt.



HOLED AFTER A COLLISION IN DENSE FOG: THE ITALIAN FREIGHTER VALENTINA BIBOLINI (7144 TONS). SHE IS LYING PARTIALLY SUBMERGED IN THE SHELTER OF SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

In dense fog off the Sussex coast, the British motor-vessel *Alva Star* collided with the Italian steamer *Valentina Bibolini* on April 3. Tugs went to the aid of the Italian vessel and towed her to an anchorage in the shelter of Southampton Water after an extra pump had been put aboard to help to control the flooding. Until



THE DAMAGED PROW OF THE BRITISH MOTOR-VESSEL ALVA STAR (12,223 TONS). SHE STRUCK THE VALENTINA BIBOLINI IN DENSE FOG OFF THE SUSSEX COAST.

THE ITALIAN VESSEL SUFFERED THE WORSE DAMAGE. The arrival of help, the British vessel stood by. The *Valentina Bibolini* was badly holed in the port side aft, and one of her holds was flooded. She settled down in the water until only 12 to 15 ins. of her stern showed above the surface. No casualties were reported.

DENMARK HONOURS HANS ANDERSEN: 150TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.



GROUPED ROUND THE STATUE OF HANS ANDERSEN, IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE IN ODENSE, WHERE HE WAS BORN ON APRIL 2, 1805: CROWDS, INCLUDING MANY CHILDREN.



THE FESTIVAL DRAMA BASED ON THE LIFE OF HANS ANDERSEN: THE SCENE ON THE SPANISH STEPS, ROME, WITH THE ACTOR REPRESENTING THE HERO (CENTRE); AT THE ROYAL DANISH OPERA HOUSE.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN REPRESENTED IN THE STREETS OF COPENHAGEN: THE DANISH ACTOR, OLE MONTY, AS THE FAMOUS AUTHOR OF FAIRY-TALES.



SEATED AT HANS ANDERSEN'S DESK IN HIS HOUSE AT ODENSE, NOW A MUSEUM: KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK BROADCASTING IN ENGLISH A TALK ON THE FAIRY-TALES.



OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL, COPENHAGEN: THE PARADE OF CHILDREN ON SATURDAY, APRIL 2, HELD IN HONOUR OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF HANS ANDERSEN'S BIRTH.



THE BROADCAST AND TELEVISED READING OF HANS ANDERSEN FAIRY-TALES IN ENGLISH FROM HIS HOUSE IN ODENSE ON APRIL 2: MR. MICHAEL REDGRAVE AT THE DESK AND (RIGHT) QUEEN INGRID AND KING FREDERIK.



FREE DANISH PASTRIES FOR CHILDREN IN COPENHAGEN IN COMMEMORATION OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN: BOYS AND GIRLS QUEUEING-UP.

The 150th anniversary of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen—whose life and achievement were referred to in our last week's issue—was celebrated all over the world on April 2. In his homeland, the programme included a parade of 8000 children through the streets of Copenhagen, the production of a festival drama by Kjeld Abell, dealing with his life, at the Royal Danish Opera House; and an interesting programme broadcast and televised from Andersen's home in Odense (now maintained as a museum, and containing many relics), from which

King Frederik of Denmark gave a talk in English for English-speaking children all over the world; and he and Queen Ingrid listened to Mr. Michael Redgrave, the British actor, reading in English several of the famous stories. A free distribution of Danish pastries took place in Copenhagen—and so large a crowd of applicants assembled that at one time the supply ran out, and the children became a little over-excited; but a fresh consignment of refreshments was produced and every boy and girl got a cake in the end.

THE MERCHANT NAVY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

AT THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II 3,371 VESSELS, 17,000,000 GROSS TONS (OF OVER 500 TONS IN EACH CASE).

AT THE END OF WORLD WAR II 2,871 VESSELS, 13,000,000 GROSS TONS.

AT THE END OF 1954 3,041 VESSELS, 18,000,000 GROSS TONS.

1939. WHITE MEN EMPLOYED 12,000.

WHEN THE DEFEAT OF THE JAPANESE WAS DECLARED IN 1945, THE WHITE MEN EMPLOYED 12,000.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN CREW ACCOMMODATION. A SINGLE BERTH SEAMAN'S CABIN IN A CARGO SHIP.

A MODERN FEATURE IS THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CARGO-PASSENGER LINER.

MOTOR TANKER "OCEANUS" WITH BRIDGE HOUSE AND ALL NAVIGATING EQUIPMENT AND LIVING SPACES COMBINED IN THE AFTER SUPERSTRUCTURE.

THE LARGEST WHOLE-TRADING SHIP, THE "CATCH" WILLIAM BARENDSE.

A MODERN CARGO-PASSENGER LINER, WITH FUNNEL, OFFICERS' DECK, DECK HOUSES, VENTILATING UNIT HOUSES ETC. CONSTRUCTED OF ALUMINIUM ALLOY.

A FEATURE OF POST-WAR SHIPBUILDING IS THE EVER INCREASING USE OF ALUMINIUM ALLOYS.

SPACIOUS SUN DECK.

OPEN AND CLEAR DECKS, ALL MAIN ROOMS AIR-CONDITIONED.

MACHINERY AND FUNNEL AFT.

THE REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN OF THE NEW SHAW SAVILL LINER, "SOUTHERN CROSS". ALL HER MACHINERY IS SIGHT AFT. NO CARGO WILL BE CARGO BUT SHE WILL ACCOMMODATE 1200 PASSENGERS IN ONE CLASS.

THERE HAS BEEN VERY CONSIDERABLE DEVELOPMENT IN RADAR, RADIO AND ECHO-SOUNDING AIDS TO NAVIGATION.

A TYPE OF ROTATING RADAR SCANNER.

CARGO MOTOR-SHIP "APOLLO". A REVOLUTIONARY TYPE OF SHIP, SEA-TRADER, WITHOUT CARGO HANDLING DECK AND CARGO WHEELS, PERMITTING A CLEAR WORKING DECK.

POST-WAR INCREASE IN THE SIZE OF TANKERS.

TYPICAL PRE-WAR TANKERS OF 11,000 AND 13,000 TONS.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF OIL DISTILLATION PLANTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM HAS LED TO THE CARRYING OF CRUDE OIL AND THE ENORMOUS INCREASE IN THE SIZE OF TANKERS. MODERN TANKERS OF 32,000 AND 45,000 TONS.

SOME MODERN TYPES.

THE INCREASE IN MOTOR SHIPS. IN 1939 WE HAD 700 MOTOR SHIPS OF OVER 500 TONS. THE LATEST FIGURE AVAILABLE TODAY IS 1,234 VESSELS.

THE MODERN "TRAMP" TYPE OF CARGO SHIP IS TAKING ON AN ENTIRELY NEW APPEARANCE WITH AN AVERAGE INCREASE OF SPEED FROM 10 TO 15 KNOTS.

INCREASING DEMANDS FOR THE CARRYING OF BULK CARGOIS SUCH AS BANANES, COKE, SUGAR, ETC., HAVE CALLED FOR NEW TYPES OF CARGO SHIPS.

IMPROVEMENT IN CREW ACCOMMODATION IS EVEN EXTENDED TO SMALL COASTERS.

THE CREW'S WASH PLACE IN A SHORT-SEA TRADER OF ABOUT 500 TONS.

NEW TYPE "WAVELENGTH" FUNNEL TOR. SHELTERED SUN DECKS. SMOKE AND GASES CARRIED CLEAR OF THE DECKS. SAMPSON POST. ORIENT LINER "ORSOVA". A TYPICAL MODERN LINER, WITH ALL-WELDED HULL, STABILISERS, AIR-CONDITIONING, WIND-PROTECTED SUN DECKS AND NO MAST.

THE "WAVELENGTH" LINE CARGO SHIP "WAVELENGTH" WITH ALL THE CREW ACCOMMODATION IN ONE STRUCTURE, ABOVEDECK. IT IS CLAIMED THAT THE SHIP CAN BE WORKED IN HEAVY WEATHER WITHOUT IT BEING NECESSARY FOR MEMBERS OF HER CREW TO GO ON DECK.

A MODERN TRAWLER WITH IMPROVED FISH HOLDS AND COD LIVER OIL PLANT.

SUPERSTRUCTURE DIAGRAMMATICALLY LIFTED OFF. THE CENTRALISED ACCOMMODATION FOR THE WHOLE OF THE CREW OF THE "WAVELENGTH".

G. H. DAVIS 1955

AN INDUSTRY WE CAN NOT AFFORD TO NEGLECT—THE MERCHANT NAVY: DRAWINGS SHOWING SOME

It is as well to remember that the nearest this country came to defeat in two world wars was when our merchant ships were being sunk faster than they could be replaced. Of the Battle of the Atlantic—in effect, a battle of replacement against Japan—Sir Winston Churchill has written that "never for one moment could we forget that everything happening elsewhere, on land, at sea or in the air, depended ultimately on its outcome." It is encouraging to know, therefore, that although the Merchant Navy fleet is smaller in numbers to-day than it was just before World War II began, its tonnage is greater by 1,000,000 tons, owing to the post-war

increase in the size of its ships. During that war about 11,250,000 tons of merchant shipping were lost. Nevertheless, when victory came the tonnage afloat stood at the wonderful total of 13,000,000 tons. The increase in the post-war tonnage of the Merchant Navy is, in the main, due to the great development of tankers which, bulkier crude oil instead of, as before, the refined product. The size of these tankers is constantly getting bigger, and has already reached 45,000 tons. Great strides have been made, too, in the design of modern passenger liners so that all who sail

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT

OF THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE DESIGN OF MODERN MERCHANT SHIPS SINCE WORLD WAR II.

In them sail in the maximum of comfort. Air-conditioning plants, stabilisers for minimising roll, spacious sun-decks well protected against the wind, and funnels so contrived as to keep the upper deck clear of sooty smuts and smoke, in addition to the most luxurious accommodation, both in first and tourist classes, remove many of the inconveniences of long ocean voyages. Nor are the crews of these ships and most of the latest types of cargo vessels overlooked, for they no longer live in the unhealthy forecastle forward, but have comfortable quarters amidships. Aids to navigation have been vastly improved and the Merchant Navy of to-day is equipped

with all the latest radar, radio and echo-sounding devices, which have increased the measure of safety of sailing on the high seas. Another revolutionary change in design has been the more frequent use of light aluminium alloys in the construction of funnels and superstructure, thus greatly decreasing the weight above the waterline. More ships, too, are fitted with modern Diesel engines. In fact, the British Merchant Navy, together with other merchant navies of the world, has since the last war, taken on a "new look," from the biggest passenger liners down to the smallest types of traders, humble tramp steamers and trawlers.

AND CIVIL AVIATION, THE NAVIGATORS' AND ENGINEER OFFICERS' UNION, AND VARIOUS SHIPPING COMPANIES.

BEYOND HIS DIARY—SAMUEL PEPYS.

"THE LETTERS of SAMUEL PEPYS and his FAMILY CIRCLE"; Edited by HELEN TRUESDELL HEATH.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IT may be assumed that far more people know Pepys from his diary than from even such notable works as Sir Arthur Bryant's "Life" and Dr. Tanner's volumes containing his letters and miscellaneous papers, which throw so much light on his outstanding services to the Navy. The result is that it is the Pepys of the "Diary" who is present as a living character in the public mind, sagacious, busy, public-spirited, a gossip, a realist and an incorrigible and indiscriminate philanderer—to use a mild term. And I think that, because of his qualities, habits, and prudent domesticity (the wig in the portraits doubtless helps), the man generally envisaged is a middle-aged, even an elderly, man. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Pepys known from the "Diary" is only a young, or youngish, Pepys.

He began his "Diary" in 1660, when he was but twenty-seven, and closed it in 1669, when he was thirty-six. He became acutely astigmatic, had to spare his eyes, and although, thereafter, he sometimes penned a letter or an annotation with his own hand, he relied almost entirely on dictation. If anyone hastily thinks: "Why couldn't he go on with the 'Diary,' dictating a bit daily?" little reflection is required to supply the answer. A continuation with an amanuensis could have borne no relation to the original. How could this externally solid and sober public servant have confessed and self-communed to another person as he did, in shorthand, to pages which were seen by none but him and were intended only for the eyes of whatever posterity cared to decipher them? And even if his sense of shame, of propriety, or the respect due to his own position had not precluded him from candid revelations about his own private mind and recreations, how could he ever have dared entrust another with his frank comments on public affairs, on his colleagues, and even on his King? He would, had he so dared, have been putting his life in the other man's hands. One indiscretion on the amanuensis' part, one glass too much with cronies and the remark: "You can't guess what the old boy dictated to me this morning," and the whispering gallery would swiftly have done its work, and Pepys would have been for the block. Even as it was, he, one of the most faithful and efficient servants which King or Country had, came within daunting sight of it—though he never flinched.

At least he shows no signs of flinching in his letters: he kept a stiff upper lip, fought for his liberty when the Popish Plot scoundrels got him into the Tower, and refused to counter lies with lies, or buy truth with bribes. It must be admitted that had he been able to continue the "Diary" to the end of his life we might have had an even more astonishing document than we already possess. Pepys, made a widower in the year in which he closed his Diary—there would have been no more "my poor wife" or, even perhaps, "And so to Bed"—reached far higher public positions after the "Diary's" end than during the period of his journalizing. He sat in Parliament; he became Secretary of the Admiralty; he was Master of Trinity House, Master of the Clothworkers Company, and, from 1684 to 1686, President of the Royal Society, his public career closing with the Dutch landing at Torbay, which led to a pension and a set of rooms for Titus Oates, who had perjured dozens of people to the scaffold, which Pepys so narrowly escaped. Think what we might have had from Pepys—something overwhelmingly greater than the Memoirs of Saint-Simon, who, for all his acuteness of sight, perfect Observation Post, and elegance and causticity of style, did live in the narrow world of Versailles and

Marly—had Pepys had the advantage of modern ophthalmology. There may, or may not, have been more toyings in tavern-corners with fishwives; although I should think that, careful as he was, as he became a big-wig, wearing a big wig, he may have become more careful than he was about his peccadillos. But we should have had an immense amount of light thrown upon the Plots of the period, and descriptions of public events as vivid as those which we have from him of the Plague and the Fire. Pepys on the Popish Plot, in his secret diary: in this volume we have a mass of letters relating to the accusations (e.g., that Pepys had an altar in his house, and had imported "a trunk-full of crucifixes"), all brought by an international double-crossing crook calling himself "Colonel Scott," but what should we have had from a continued "Diary"? Pepys on the struggle with, and execution of, the Duke of Monmouth; Pepys on the defeat and flight of his old patron and collaborator, James II., with whom he had founded the British Navy; Pepys on the meetings of the young Royal Society, not yet a congregation of specialists; Pepys on William III., about whom he certainly would have heard a few things.

Well, we must be content with what we have; although still regretting that there hasn't been a continuous succession of such honest and graphic diarists as he through all our history: and, for that matter, through all human history. And the present



SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703).

From the painting attributed to J. Closterman, in the National Portrait Gallery.

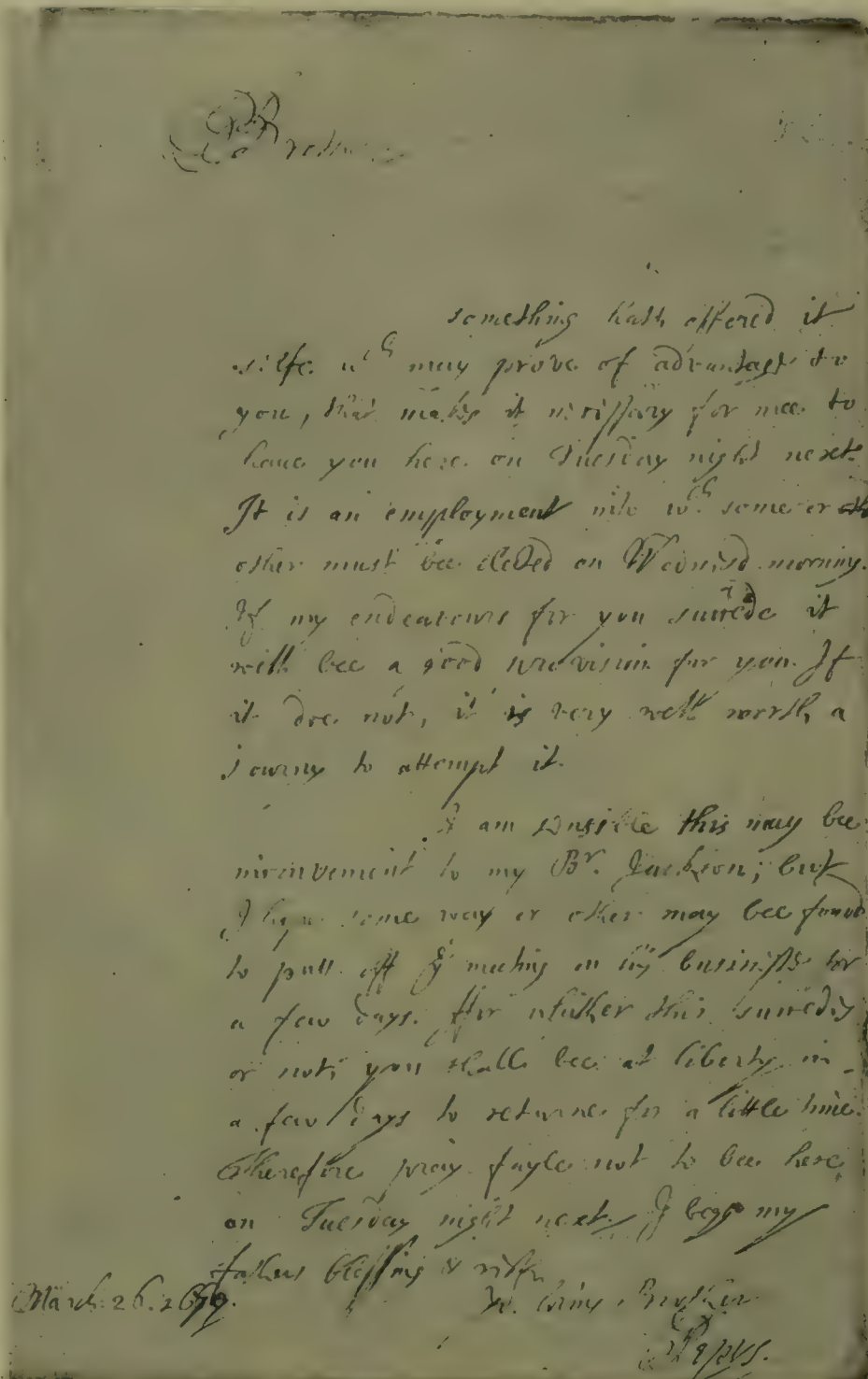
volume of letters, sedulously chosen and annotated by Mrs. Heath, should be obtained, read, and preserved by anybody who has learnt to like and respect Pepys from the "Diary" and is curious about what the obverse of the diarist was, in contradistinction to the reverse which he showed in his secret script, and what became of him, after, once and for all, he had shut the pages of the Diary.

Mrs. Heath, omitting purely official letters, has concentrated on letters to and from Pepys's family. Some of them, from his father, his sister, and his sister-in-law (he was always putting his hand in his pocket for the whole lot of them, and finding them homes on his little estate in Huntingdonshire) are of interest as exhibiting country ways of living in the seventeenth century, and Pepys's endless patience with improvident relations. An incidental interest lies in the spelling of what Mrs. Heath calls "the shiftless crew." Pepys's father writes "mickelmuss" and "afeckshinat"; and his sister Paulina ought to be made Perpetual President of the Fonetik Spelling Sociatee. But all these letters about leases and loans might be paralleled from almost any collection of family papers: the core of the book consists of the letters exchanged between Pepys and his wife's brother Balthazar St. Michel, when the latter was living in Paris at Pepys's expense, finding—under wonderfully sound and honest instructions from Pepys—evidence to counter the false evidence as to Pepys being a Catholic and selling maps and charts to the French. Pepys, in prison or on bail, never faltered in his insistence upon honesty and truth; and French witnesses of the highest quality were willing to come over, and bear witness for him, after whatever delay. His antagonists, in the end, made no appearance.

This French aspect gives one pause. Suppose, let us say, some innocent man in a Government Department to-day were accused of giving (or selling) information about chromium-bombs to the Government in Moscow. And suppose there were high-minded Russian ladies and gentlemen in Moscow who were willing to come over and give evidence in favour of the falsely accused. . . . But here imagination begins to boggle.

Mrs. Heath has done her work well, and served Pepys's memory well. She supplies a list of relevant letters which she has omitted, and an account of their contents. Her book, I think, may lead her readers to a closer acquaintance with the literature about Pepys, beyond his own Diary.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 710 of this issue.



"FOR MY LOVING BROTHER MR. JOHN PEPYS AT ELLINGTON NEERE HUNTINGTON. LEAVE THIS WITH THE POST-MAISTER AT HUNTINGTON, TO BE SPEEDILY SENT AS DIRECTED. S.P.": A LETTER FROM SAMUEL PEPYS TO HIS BROTHER JOHN, DATED 'MARCH 26, 1670, BODLEIAN LIBRARY, MS. RAWL. 182.

Illustrations from the book "The Letters of Samuel Pepys and his Family Circle": reproduced by Courtesy of the Oxford University Press

* "The Letters of Samuel Pepys and his Family Circle." Edited by Helen Truesdell Heath. Two Plates. (Oxford; 30s.)



LEAVING SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL AFTER DISTRIBUTING THE ROYAL MAUNDY: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (LEFT), BOTH CARRYING NOSEGAYS OF SWEET HERBS.



BEFORE DISTRIBUTING THE ROYAL MAUNDY SOUTH OF THE THAMES FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH I.: THE QUEEN, WITH THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS.

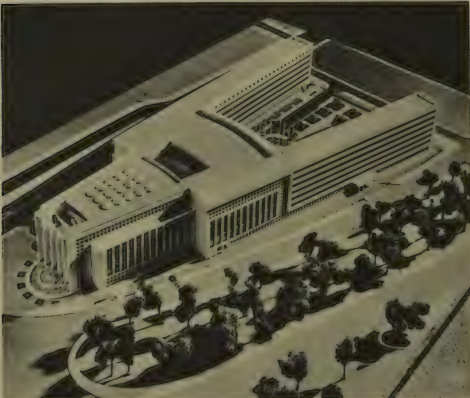
HELD AT SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL BY THE QUEEN'S COMMAND: THE 1955 DISTRIBUTION OF THE ROYAL MAUNDY.

When her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, distributed the Royal Maundy on Maundy Thursday, April 7, she was continuing a custom which goes back to the days of Edward I. But this year, instead of the service being held in Westminster Abbey, it took place in Southwark Cathedral. This was by command of the Queen, in recognition of the Golden Jubilee of the Southwark Diocese. It is believed that until this Easter no Maundy Service had been held south of the Thames with a Sovereign present, since Queen Elizabeth I. attended in the Great Hall at Greenwich in 1572, when then, as now, the recipients

numbered as many old men and women as the Sovereign is years of age. This year the Queen handed out the specially-minted Maundy money, in white leather purses with red thongs, to twenty-nine recipients. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh carried nosegays of sweet herbs, as did the Almonry officials, who were girded with towels, though the feet-washing lapsed in the seventeenth century. Among those in attendance on the Queen was the Bishop of St. Albans, the Rt. Rev. E. M. Gresford Jones, D.D., who holds the office of High Almoner; and the Queen's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard took their part in the ceremony.



DUTCH MARINE PAINTERS OF TO-DAY AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH: MR. A. H. HASSELMAN, NETHERLANDS CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES, OPENING THE EXHIBITION. The Exhibition of Dutch Marine Painters of To-day was opened on April 1 at the National Maritime Museum by Mr. A. Hasselman, and will remain at Greenwich until May 8, before visiting, under the auspices of the Art Exhibitions Bureau, various galleries outside London.



DESIGNED BY THE FRENCH ARCHITECT JACQUES CARLU: THE MODEL OF THE NEW PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION IN PARIS. The new permanent headquarters of N.A.T.O. (which at present operates from the Chaillot Palace) will consist of a six-story building to be erected from designs by M. Jacques Carlu at the Porte Dauphine, at the approach to the Bois de Boulogne.



TESTING SMOKE AS A DEFENCE AGAINST THE THERMAL EFFECT OF ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS: AN EXPERIMENT AT MASHHEIM. Experiments to determine the effectiveness of artificial smoke-screens were carried out by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission in Nevada last month; and further operations on these lines were recently undertaken in Mannheim.



THE NEW FRENCH ARMY GUIDED MISSILE: THE OPERATOR CONTROLLING THE DEVICE AFTER LAUNCHING IT. The French Army recently disclosed that their units will shortly be equipped with a new ground-to-ground guided missile known as the S.S. 10. It is launched from its case towards its objective by its operator who handles the electronic controls, and its warhead is stated to be able to pierce heavy armour.



SHOWN IN THEIR CASES BEFORE LAUNCHING: EXAMPLES OF THE NEW FRENCH GUIDED MISSILE. The French Army recently disclosed that their units will shortly be equipped with a new ground-to-ground guided missile known as the S.S. 10. It is launched from its case towards its objective by its operator who handles the electronic controls, and its warhead is stated to be able to pierce heavy armour.

OUR NEWS SURVEY BY PHOTOGRAPHY, TOPICAL AND UNUSUAL PICTURES FROM



DESIGNED TO SAFEGUARD THE WATER FROM POLLUTION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DOME WHICH HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED OVER THE MOX HILL RESERVOIR AT COPLÉ, BEDS. The Mox Hill Reservoir (capacity 1,500,000 gallons) at Cople in the Kempston district of Bedford, has been covered by a dome constructed on the principle used for the Festival of Britain Dome of Discovery, to safeguard the water from pollution. Work was carried on while the reservoir was in use.



ONE OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S "DARK" CLASS CONVERTIBLE MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS/MOTOR GUNBOATS: H.M.S. DARK ADVENTURER ON HER SEA TRIALS. *Dark Adventurer*, seen on her sea trials, is one of the Navy's new class of fast patrol boat powered by the Napier Deltic engine, which has a very high performance and takes the form of an opposed piston two-stroke cycle engine constructed in triangular form with three crankshafts.

RECORDING RECENT AFFAIRS OF NOTE: THIS COUNTRY AND THE CONTINENT.



THE ENGLISH TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WEMBLEY: THE LADIES' SINGLES FINAL, IN WHICH MISS ROSALIND ROWE (NEAREST CAMERA) BEAT MISS A. S. HAYDON. Miss Rosalind Rowe met Miss A. S. Haydon in the final of the Ladies' Singles in the English Table Tennis Championships held at Wembley, and lost her by three clear games. On the following day, April 2, Mr. Dolinar (Yugoslavia) won the Men's Singles.



A DISASTER IN WHICH THIRTY-NINE PERSONS, INCLUDING MANY CHILDREN, DIED: THE RIO CINEMA AT SCLISSEN, BELGIUM, AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION ON APRIL 3. Fire broke out in the Rio Cinema, in the centre of Sclissen, a Belgian industrial town, on April 3; and thirty-nine people died in the conflagration, while thirty were taken to hospital. Juvenile films were being shown and the audience was largely composed of children.



GUTTED BY ENEMY FIRE-BOMBS IN 1941: THE CITY TEMPLE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, PLANS FOR THE REBUILDING OF WHICH ARE NOW WELL ADVANCED.

Today, April 16, fourteen years after the City Temple was destroyed by enemy action, the Lord Mayor has arranged to unveil a commemorative stone. The sum for reconstruction has been almost obtained, and building plans are now well advanced.



IMPROVEMENTS AT KENNINGTON OVAL WHICH WILL BE WELCOMED BY ALL CRICKET ENTHUSIASTS: A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE NEW SCORE-BOX. Since the end of last season work has been in progress at the Oval for the construction of additional spectator accommodation, and a new score-box. Seventeen rows of spectators can now be accommodated in the seats; and greatly improved amenities have been installed.



AFTER INAUGURATING ON APRIL 2 THE SLOUGH EXPERIMENT IN ROAD SAFETY MEASURES WHICH WILL COST SOME £100,000: MR. BOYD-CARPENTER, THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT. The Minister of Transport explained, when inaugurating the Slough Experiment in Road Safety Measures, that they will consist of education and training including such and propaganda; police activity; and physical construction and road works. The Ministry of Transport have been trying to perfect these methods.



THE NEW R.A.C. "ELIZABETHAN" BADGE: CAPTAIN A. W. PHILLIPS, GENERAL MANAGER, R.A.C. ASSOCIATE SECTION, AND MR. HUDLISS (RIGHT), CHIEF ENGINEER, R.A.C., DISPLAYING THE DESIGN. The Royal Automobile Club, founded in 1897, has introduced a new badge, the "Elizabethan." Modeled in a plastic material, it is surmounted by a Tudor crown, and the title has been chosen to identify it with the present era. It is the fourth design of the R.A.C. badge since 1908.

FIFTEEN years ago, at the height of a fine summer, a nation of outstanding fame in warlike annals was utterly defeated by an old rival in arms. On more than one occasion France had been the greatest military Power in the world. Only a few years before 1940 she had been generally regarded as still the most powerful. A few of the most acute and best-informed observers had realised before the outbreak of the Second World War, and still more clearly during its somnolent opening phase on the western front, that all was far from well with France. They were necessarily few, because to form a sound opinion they had to be acquainted with political, social, moral, and military factors. Not many were in a position to grasp these all at once or were equipped for the task. The event exceeded in catastrophic tragedy the worst doubts of those who had felt the deepest forebodings. The speed and completeness of the rout were dumbfounding.

I have been reading for the second time a book published towards the end of last year but not hitherto reviewed in these pages.* The first volume, "Prelude to Dunkirk," brought the record of events to the end of May. This covers seventeen days, June 1 to June 17. The author, Major-General Sir Edward Spears, was serving as a link between the British Prime Minister and the French. The narrative is highly personal, almost wholly confined to what the writer heard and saw. Its value is thereby increased, because a record from one as well-placed as the writer is harder to find than a history written from documents—though it in no way replaces this and is less indispensable—and because a good writer takes care in such a case to give his contemporary impressions rather than afterthoughts. Here, however, the actuality involves the disadvantage that comments are harsher than if they had been made in distant retrospect, and sometimes less fair. It is likely that the bi-lingual General Spears, with his long and happy connections with France, became the more embittered because he was a disillusioned lover.

This story opens in deep gloom because defeat had been so heavy and so much had been lost in the period covered by the former volume. By June 1 M. Reynaud was expecting an armoured thrust on Paris. Withdrawal from Dunkirk was in full swing, and its misunderstandings and wrangling were poisoning the relations of the Allies. Urgent, sometimes angry, French appeals now came in for British reinforcements, troops withdrawn from Dunkirk, even if they had "only their rifles," but most of all for the precious fighter squadrons still based in Britain. As for the French Air Force, Sir Edward Spears learnt that during the heavy Paris air attack of the 3rd not

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MILITARY COLLAPSE OF A GREAT NATION.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

become weaker by now. One shocking incident was reported to our Prime Minister during the first evening: that the local French air command had objected to British aircraft leaving airfields in the region of Marseilles to bomb industrial targets in Italy, and, later in the night, that wagons had been driven on to at least one airfield to prevent the aircraft taking off. With extreme magnanimity Mr. Churchill refused to bring up the matter next day, saying that it was over and done with and that recriminations would not now help. A strong hint of an armistice came from General Weygand.

So on to Bordeaux, by way of Tours, where the last meeting of the Supreme War Council was held. In the setting of Bordeaux the narrative becomes even more vivid and brilliant than before, and this is to

clear images of the past and allowing these to occupy their minds completely. The latter characteristics were those of Pétain. For years after the armistice he was capable of action and insight according to his lights; otherwise he seems to have realised little of what was going on. The sketch of him in these pages is not only arresting but touched here and there with affectionate regret.

Sir Edward Spears views the tragedy of France from close to the stage. In his first volume he gave us some impressions of pre-war France. He knew it well, and his testimony is useful. For the most part, however, he is concerned, as might be expected, with the reactions of France, her Government, her people, and her forces, to the German attack. Yet, while what he has written does not throw much fresh light upon the broader and more fundamental causes of the defeat, it confirms existing knowledge and at times brings it into clearer focus. The main military factor has always been obvious. It was simply outmoded doctrine, failure to keep up with the times, failure to realise the possibilities of the new weapons and of the great increase in mobility, the potential power of land and air forces combined, and what this implied in attack and defence.

With this weakness, already crippling, went one as grave, which was mainly social. There comes a stage in national communities when internal differences and conflicts may attain such a height as to make union to save the life of the nation when in danger an impossibility. Grave differences are often overcome in face of the threat of war, but if political and social disunion has reached this critical stage it can be overcome only by exceptional leadership. It matters little as regards the conduct of the war whether this leadership is based on patriotic and moral appeal or on force. Both kinds have served their turn in the past, and if the ill has gone sufficiently deep, it may be the case, whatever lovers of freedom have to say on the subject, that only force will suffice to eradicate it. In France M. Reynaud came too late to power, in any case. When he did, his Government was too largely composed of weak and unreliable elements. He was not a weak man by any means and he was a brave one. He could not, however, impose his will

sufficiently on the discordant elements in the French community. Perhaps no one could have done so at that stage.

Both the warnings, military and political, are grave and insistent to-day. The weapons and technique of war have altered vastly in the fifteen years since the Battle of France, but the changes have only reinforced the old lessons, because speed and violence are greater than ever and the effects of error are still more disastrous. The need for unity, for realisation of



THE VICHY GOVERNMENT: MARSHAL PÉTAİN (CENTRE) STANDS BETWEEN LAVAL AND GENERAL WEYGAND. BAUDOUIN, NEXT TO LAVAL, HAS ADMIRAL DARLAN ON HIS RIGHT.

measure it by a high standard, but also more mordant and at times cruel. The narrator was an indefatigable note-taker all through; he had to be if he was to transmit a sketch of the rapid and disastrous flow of events. The amount of information he obtained in those seventeen days is extraordinary and packed with detail. The French Cabinet had decided that an armistice must be sought before the last move, but a struggle went on at Bordeaux about matters such as awaiting the reply to the appeal to the United States and the proposed transfer of resistance to North Africa. M. Reynaud resigned; the Marshal came in. The last scene is the spiriting away of General de Gaulle, thought to be in danger of arrest if his determination to go to England were found out.

The author would not have been able to carry out his task as well as he did but for the aid of one man, Georges Mandel. He did not bear upon his shoulders a responsibility comparable to that of M. Reynaud and it is probable that he had less initiative and a narrower view; but there is support for the opinion that he was the finest figure in France in these black days. As regards his own function, that of Minister of the Interior, he was knowledgeable and efficient, and his calm courage and inflexible determination were superb. He was the author's chief source of information about what was going on behind the scenes. One asks what his fate would have been had it become known how much he supplied about the tendencies and decisions of Cabinet meetings. Not that he would have cared; he did what he thought to be his duty, and by temperament, so far from being indiscreet, he was considered secretive. In any event, he was to die, one may say to be murdered, under the Vichy régime.

There were other stalwarts besides himself and M. Reynaud, among them the sturdy veteran right-wing Louis Marin, Campinchi, Georges Monnet, and Dautry; but on balance the record of the French politicians is miserable. Sir Edward Spears, however, does not always appear fair in his strictures. These extend even to M. Reynaud, and at one point the writer looks back and admits that the French Prime Minister has been hardly treated in a passage relating to the Bordeaux episode. He would certainly not say the same of his dealings with General Weygand, which are vitriolic, but some of his readers may well feel that he is unduly harsh in his denunciations of the French Commander-in-Chief. The damage done before General Weygand reached France was irreparable. The doom of France had virtually been decreed before he took over his responsibility. Not only had the fighting army been defeated and deprived of its best-equipped formations, but chaos had spread to administration, so that the military authorities could not use, could not in some cases even find, the material they possessed.

The writer's attitude to Marshal Pétain is quite different. To begin with, he was on friendly terms with the old man. After that of Mandel, his portrait of Pétain is the most vivid in the large and remarkable portfolio. Old age commonly affects men of great ability with a general and persistent decay. In rarer cases it leaves them at intervals powers of mind and energy approaching those which they formerly possessed; apart from these, they sink into sleepy, peaceful inanition, paying little if any attention to the present, but sometimes calling up curiously



BEFORE VICHY: M. PAUL REYNAUD (CENTRE), PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE AT THE TIME, WITH GENERAL WEYGAND (LEFT), BAUDOUIN AND MARSHAL PÉTAİN.

The illustrations on this page are reproduced from "The Fall of France"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Heinemann Ltd.

an aircraft had left the airfield of Villacoublay in an effort to protect the capital. On the 5th the Germans launched their second great offensive. And now the French were fighting virtually without British aid in land forces. They had grounds for reproaching us, though the reproach related to the pre-war years.

Next day, the 6th, a new French Ministry was formed, and though it was supposed to represent increased will to resist, it soon gave indications that the contrary was the case. The front broke again; the Government decided to quit Paris; and by the 11th Sir Edward Spears found himself at the unpleasant Château du Muguet, on the Loire, in company with Mr. Winston Churchill. The account of the conference on that day and the 12th is interesting and exciting, but at the same time depressing. Will to resist had



GENERAL SPEARS WITH GENERAL DE GAULLE: THE GENERAL, THOUGHT TO BE IN DANGER OF ARREST, WAS SPIRITED AWAY FROM FRANCE.

In the uneasy atmosphere of June 1940, when the French Army was being out-fought by the Germans and the Maginot Line overrun, few French politicians or Service chiefs believed that anything but surrender could help the Allies. General de Gaulle was one of those few. Determining to reach England, he and General Spears arrived at Bordeaux aerodrome, where an aircraft was waiting to fly them across the Channel. Unfortunately, General de Gaulle's luggage had been insufficiently secured. A ball of string was necessary. An emissary, sent to obtain the string, was gone ten minutes, during which Weygand's men might well have arrived on the scene to arrest de Gaulle. As the world knows, this did not happen. The string was brought, the luggage secured, and de Gaulle was spirited away to lead the Free French Movement in England.

the high proportion of ideals and interests which the vast majority of the community hold in common, are equally great. It is not inconsistent with fairly sharp political rivalry and even hostility. But politicians who hate their fellow-countrymen more than the potential destroyers of their country and induce misguided followers to do so also are helping to prepare a state of affairs such as existed in France when the Second World War came upon her. After ages may hold them in contemptuous abhorrence as the men who undermined the dams of civilisation.

* "Assignment to Catastrophe." Volume II. "The Fall of France." By Major-General Sir Edward Spears. (Heinemann; 25s.)



ON THE WAY TO TENDER HIS RESIGNATION TO THE QUEEN: SIR WINSTON LEAVING DOWNING STREET AND FACING A BARRAGE OF PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS AND A CHEERING CROWD.



LEAVING HIS HOME IN CARLTON GARDENS FOR HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AS PRIME MINISTER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: SIR ANTHONY EDEN, WITH LADY EDEN.



WITH MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF ASSEMBLED IN THE HALL: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL LEAVING NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, TO DRIVE TO CHARTWELL.

HAIL AND FAREWELL: SIR WINSTON'S RESIGNATION; AND SIR ANTHONY EDEN AS BRITAIN'S NEW PRIME MINISTER.

On the morning of April 6 the Queen received Sir Anthony Eden in audience at Buckingham Palace, where she offered him, and he accepted, the post of Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. Thus opened a new chapter in Britain's political history, and Sir Anthony, at the age of fifty-seven, has taken up the power and burdens of the Premiership and the leadership of the Conservative Party. Later in the day Sir Anthony made his first appearance in the House of Commons as Prime Minister and received a great welcome from both sides of the House. Throughout this time of great political changes none of the London daily or evening newspapers were published, because of the

strike, but, nevertheless, when Sir Winston left No. 10, Downing Street, on April 5 to tender his resignation to the Queen, he was met by a barrage of Press photographers and journalists. Many of the latter returned to Fleet Street to write about one of the greatest events since the war for papers which were never to appear. On the evening of April 6 more Press photographers recorded Sir Winston Churchill leaving No. 10, Downing Street, to drive to Chartwell. A large crowd had gathered outside the gates of Chartwell to greet him, and Sir Winston, smiling broadly, invited them to go into the garden and look at his goldfish. An invitation which many accepted.

"THE GREATEST BRITISH PARLIAMENTARIAN OF ALL TIME."

By EARL WINTERTON, P.C., T.D. (M.P. Horsham Division 1904-51, Member of Cabinet, 1938-9).

On the present occasion of Sir Winston's farewell to office in his eighty-first year, we reprint below extracts from a survey of his career as Member of Parliament and Political leader, which his old friend and contemporary, Earl Winterton, wrote in January last year for our Sir Winston Churchill Record Number.

NO estimate of the ingredients which have made Sir Winston's public career possible is of value unless it fully examines his position in Parliament, whether in or out of office, during more than half a century. . . . Sir Winston, like many another genius, does not conform to any one pattern. He resembles the House of Commons itself in that he is unpredictable and can rouse the country to the highest and most moral peak of endeavour and shock or startle it all on the same day. . . .

Sir Winston's great speeches in Parliament during the Second World War are part of our history and will be treasured and quoted for all time by Britons. . . . [He] not only inspired the nation and made a great contribution to victory by his speeches in Parliament during the Second World War, but he enhanced the status and reputation of the House itself. At the beginning of this century, both Houses of Parliament, the House of Commons especially, were regarded by many people, who should have known better, as, at best, a necessary evil in a democratic country; at the worst, a dangerous, ridiculous and inconsequent appendage to our system of government. M.P.s were represented by cartoonists and comedians as flatulent self-seekers who talked incessantly about things which didn't matter. Subconsciously, without being aware of it, public opinion veered round in favour of the House of Commons after seeing the immense harm to human rights and dignity resulting from the abolition of democratic legislative institutions in Europe. By his speeches and action in Parliament and the happy relationship which, in the main, existed between him and the Commons from 1940-45, Sir Winston greatly increased the modern regard for Parliament. To allies it was a matter of admiration, to enemies a source of envy, that Parliament should continue to sit in London as if nothing had happened, despite the fact that the Chamber had been wrecked by a bomb and accommodation elsewhere had to be obtained.

The fact that the Commons supported the war effort with almost complete unanimity, whereas in the 1914 war there had been a considerable and turbulent Opposition, impressed the whole world; so did the fact that some of us, who supported that effort but were critical of some aspects of the Government's implementation of it, were free to speak our mind without incurring the censure of the majority. After, *more suo*, some preliminary grumbings and growlings, Sir Winston freely and gracefully accepted the principle that Parliament, as the grand inquest of the nation, has the right, privilege and duty to criticise the Government, even in wartime, when it believes it to have erred. He was strongly—indeed fiercely—concerned to guard the rights of Parliament. He agreed that it should avoid departing more than was absolutely necessary from its ordinary procedure. He made it clear that Parliament, and not he and the rest of his Majesty's Government, were the ultimate arbiters of the country's fate. We still had responsible Government in Britain. As a result, there was a mutual respect and working agreement between the Prime Minister and Parliament which did not exist in the wartime Premiership of Pitt and was far less pronounced in that of Lloyd George. . . .

Sir Winston's public career of more than half a century has covered one of the most momentous periods in British history; Lord Samuel and Mr. Leo Amery are the other two eminent men who have shared that length of experience; for Mr. Amery, though he did not actually enter the House of Commons until 1910, had great influence behind the political scene as a journalist and writer from the time of the South African War onwards. I, too, in a much humbler degree, participated in the great affairs of that era as an M.P. from 1904 to 1951 and a Member, in junior and senior office, of four Governments. Sir Winston, in his supreme position, and the other three of us, in our several positions, must bear our share of responsibility for the course and current of affairs in so far as they were or are being influenced by the British Parliament.

How can the assets and debits of that period be summarised? In 1902 at home there was too much poverty and malnutrition, though far less than there had been fifty years previously. Indeed, there was continual progress towards greater material well-being throughout that period; but since 1902 it has been immensely accelerated; so that we find in the Welfare State of to-day a national standard of living higher than at any time in our history—indeed, perhaps the highest in the world.

Parliament, and its greatest Member, Sir Winston Churchill, who has made, as I have previously shown, his valuable contribution to the Welfare State, can be proud of that situation and also of the fact that we are less plagued by internecine struggles—religious, racial, class, or even political—than most democratic countries. We are an integrated people. No man has done more to produce that sense of unity than Sir Winston by his magnificent wartime speeches in Parliament.

But when we come to external affairs and the impact which the British Parliament has or should have made upon them, through the influence of the Government which, at least theoretically, it controls, the answer is far more doubtful.

When Sir Winston entered Parliament in 1902 we were the most powerful and secure nation in the world. It is true that other nations, Germany especially, were challenging our commercial supremacy. Here I must interpolate my view, held strongly by Mr. Amery, Lord Beaverbrook and a few other veterans, that had Parliament, including Sir Winston, listened to and accepted the views of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, we could have met and defeated that challenge. For the Empire could have been turned, to the benefit of all its member States, into a closely-knit inter-trading entity. Nor would this have estopped—indeed, it would have accelerated—the natural process of self-government within those States.

In 1902 Britain, through her Government and Parliament, ruled millions of men of other races and colours in Africa (and elsewhere), either directly or indirectly. Those millions enjoyed peace and justice of a kind undreamt of when their ancestors were ruled by native dynasties. To-day, that Empire, for reasons which were perhaps not only unavoidable but desirable, has in the main been handed back to its indigenous inhabitants. The results, however, have not always been those for which the idealists hoped, as can be seen in the great peninsula where Pakistan and India growl at and threaten each other across their frontiers.

To-day, Britain is a poor country with very serious economic difficulties and, though still the head of the Commonwealth or Empire, that Commonwealth is a very loosely-bound Confederation; it must be added on the credit side that Britain at one and the same time retains that headship and the admiration of the world alike for her courage in time of war and the way in which she is tackling her economic difficulties.

In the last half-century we have fought victoriously in the two greatest wars in history. We did so for proper and righteous reasons, but, in each case, victory, so far from solving our problems, has increased them. In the course of those wars, European countries, which in 1902 were regarded as the homeland of modern Western civilisation, have torn each other to pieces. Millions of the flower of their youth have been killed, millions more of civilians have been bombed or burnt to death or killed by torture and ill-treatment in concentration camps; the human misery thus accumulated, which is still piling up behind the Iron Curtain, is fearful to contemplate. The loss of ancient buildings and the damage to art, literature and freedom of expression as a direct result of those wars is immense.

These views and considerations may seem remote from the title and purpose of this article; they are, in fact, completely within the ambit of both. Again and again, Sir Winston has shown in his speeches that the overall problem for mankind is to find a means by which the nations of the world can live together in harmony without fear of their neighbours and reap the benefits of the immense improvements for material well-being which modern science has made possible. The League of Nations failed in that quest and the United Nations seems as far off success in attaining it as ever.

But Sir Winston, in his eightieth year, with both Houses of Parliament, irrespective of Party, behind him, is undaunted in his belief that success is possible. If it comes, then his share of the credit will equal in achievement his wartime leadership of the nation. If failure results, then Sir Winston, in his great position, and we, his dwindling band of contemporaries in public life, can feel no confidence that posterity will think that the summation of the facts shows a credit balance to British Governments and Parliaments from 1902 to 1954. True, both institutions did their very great and valuable part in saving Britain from defeat and invasion in two wars; but they must, with the Governments and Parliaments of other nations, share some responsibility, however small, for the fact that the world is a more dangerous and distracted place and fuller of bitter national hatreds than it was before those wars were fought.

What is not in doubt, as I believe, is that future historians will acclaim Sir Winston as the greatest British parliamentarian and national political leader of all time—alike in public achievement and private character.



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL: FROM A NEW PORTRAIT OF "THE GREATEST BRITISH PARLIAMENTARIAN AND NATIONAL POLITICAL LEADER OF ALL TIME—ALIKE IN PUBLIC ACHIEVEMENT AND PRIVATE CHARACTER."

This new portrait of Sir Winston Churchill seated in the garden at Chartwell, "in the English tradition of Reynolds and Zoffany," was painted in oils by Mr. A. Egerton Cooper and is now in the library of Lloyd's. It was presented by the Lloyd's Insurance Brokers' Association, and it will eventually hang in the new Lloyd's building in the City of London.



THE YOUNG CONSERVATIVE M.P. FOR OLDHAM, WHICH HE REPRESENTED FROM 1900-1906: MR. CHURCHILL IN 1900, WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA WAS ON THE THRONE.



AFTER HIS ELECTION AS LIBERAL M.P. FOR NORTH-WEST MANCHESTER IN 1906: MR. CHURCHILL AT THE REFORM CLUB. (FROM THE DRAWING IN OUR ISSUE OF JANUARY 20, 1906.)



UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES IN 1906 AT THE EARLY AGE OF 31: MR. CHURCHILL HELD THIS—HIS FIRST OFFICE—UNTIL 1908, WHEN HE BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.



HOME SECRETARY IN 1910: MR. CHURCHILL LEFT THE BOARD OF TRADE IN 1910 AND HELD THE OFFICE OF HOME SECRETARY UNTIL 1911.



AT THE "BATTLE" OF SIDNEY STREET, WHEN HOME SECRETARY: MR. CHURCHILL, "BY NO MEANS UNWILLING TO TAKE RISKS OF BEING HIT." (FROM THE DRAWING IN OUR ISSUE OF JANUARY 7, 1911.)



AN ANTI-HOME RULE DEMONSTRATION IN BELFAST IN 1912: THE CAR IN WHICH MR. CHURCHILL (WITH MRS. CHURCHILL) WAS PROCEEDING TO A MEETING, TO OUTLINE THE GOVERNMENT'S POLICY, MOBBED BY ANGRY CROWDS.

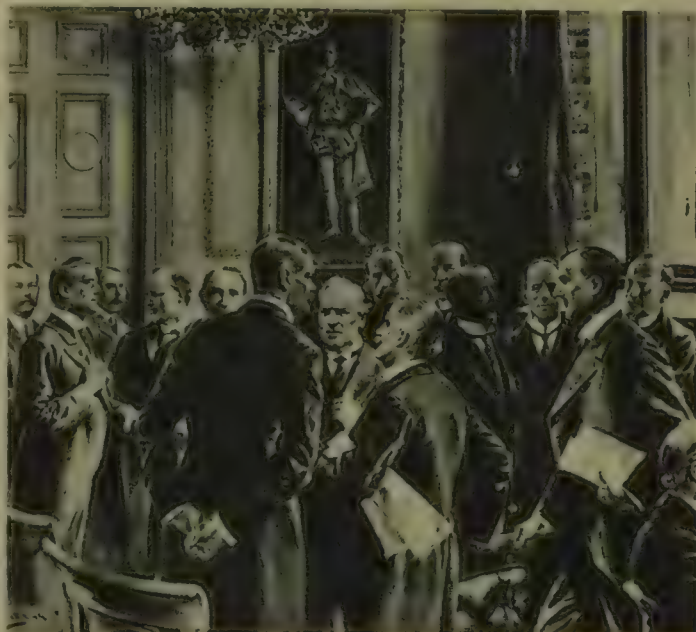


"THE DAY OF PERIL IS TOO LATE FOR PREPARATION": MR. CHURCHILL, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, FORESEES THE PERIL OF GERMAN NAVAL EXPANSION. HE IS MAKING HIS STATEMENT ON NAVAL POLICY ON JULY 22, 1912.

(From the drawing in our issue of July 27, 1912.)



THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY IN CONFERENCE; MR. CHURCHILL (LEFT) WITH PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG (CENTRE) AND ADMIRAL SIR G. ASTLEY CALLAGHAN, AT CROMARTY IN OCTOBER 1913.



A MEMBER OF THE COALITION CABINET FOR WORLD WAR I. IN 1915: MR. CHURCHILL (FOURTH FROM LEFT) (LIBERAL); LORD KITCHENER (BACK VIEW); MR. ASQUITH AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE ARE IN THE FOREGROUND. (FROM OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 5, 1915.)



SECRETARY FOR WAR AND AIR IN THE LLOYD GEORGE COALITION CABINET OF 1919: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES AND AIR FROM FEB.-APRIL 1921 AND FOR THE COLONIES TO OCTOBER 1922: MR. CHURCHILL.



IN THE GARDEN OF NO. 10, DOWNING STREET IN 1922: MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH CABINET WITH THE FRENCH PREMIER. L. TO R. IN THE FRONT ROW ARE, SEATED, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, THEN SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES, THE EARL OF BALFOUR, M. POINCARÉ, MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND MARSHAL PÉTAIN, IN CIVILIAN DRESS.

SIR WINSTON'S FIFTY YEARS OF POLITICAL LEADERSHIP: 1900-1922; THE YOUNG CHURCHILL—BUILDING A GREAT CAREER.

When the young Winston Churchill returned after the Nile Campaign of 1898 he left the Army to enter politics. On this page we give some milestones of his great career. They include one of the occasions when his foresight noted the imminence of danger—his momentous speech of July 22, 1912, on naval policy, when, as First Lord of the Admiralty, he presented the Naval Estimates and spoke of the threat of German naval expansion. We also reproduce an illustration of the "battle" of Sidney Street, when Sir Winston, then Home Secretary, was present during operations against two armed criminals. Sir Winston's first political venture

was to stand as Conservative candidate for Oldham in 1899. He was defeated by Mr. Runciman, who remarked after his victory: "I don't think that the world has seen the last of either of us." In the "Khaki" election of 1900, Sir Winston was returned for Oldham. After the Conservative split over Protection in 1906 he became a Liberal, and won the N.-W. Manchester seat, which he lost in 1908. He sat for Dundee 1908-22; and after returning to the Conservative fold, he represented Epping from 1924-45, and since then has sat for Woodford. His first Ministerial appointment was that of Under-Secretary for the Colonies in 1906.



A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS: MR. CHURCHILL, THEN WITHOUT A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT, ADDRESSING A LIBERAL MEETING IN MANCHESTER—ON NOVEMBER 16, 1923.



STILL WITHOUT A SEAT IN THE HOUSE: MR. CHURCHILL SEEKING ELECTION IN MARCH 1924, IN THE ABBEY DIVISION OF WESTMINSTER. HE LOST BY 43 VOTES.



SPEAKING IN THE ELECTION WHICH RETURNED HIM TO PARLIAMENT AS CONSERVATIVE: MR. CHURCHILL AS CANDIDATE FOR EPPING IN OCTOBER 1924.



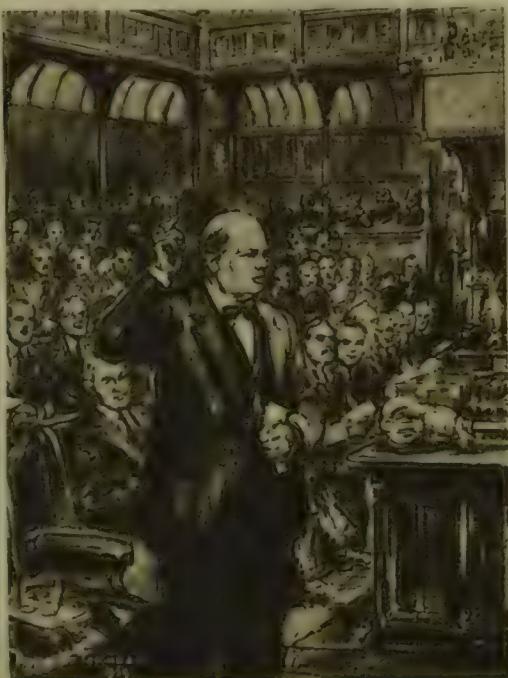
MR. CHURCHILL THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: WALKING TO THE HOUSE WITH HIS DAUGHTER DIANA AT HIS RIGHT, FOR HIS FOURTH BUDGET, APRIL 1928.



THE BEGINNING OF TEN YEARS' ABSENCE FROM OFFICE: MR. CHURCHILL ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF HIS EPPING SUPPORTERS IN THE ELECTION OF MAY 1929.



AT THE ACCESSION PRIVY COUNCIL OF DEC. 1936, AFTER THE ABDICATION CRISIS, IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN A NOTABLE CHAMPION OF KING EDWARD VIII.: MR. CHURCHILL (R.).



MR. CHURCHILL SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE IN SUPPORT OF CONSCRIPTION IN SPRING, 1939.
(From "The Illustrated London News" of May 6, 1939.)



IN THE CABINET AGAIN: THE WAR CABINET, WHICH WAS FORMED ON SEPTEMBER 3, 1939, PHOTOGRAPHED IN NOVEMBER OF THAT YEAR. (SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT) LORD CHATFIELD, SIR SAMUEL HOARE, MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, SIR JOHN SIMON, LORD HALIFAX. (STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT) LORD HANKEY, MR. L. HORE-BELISHA, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, AND SIR KINGSLEY WOOD.



ARRIVING AT THE ADMIRALTY IN SEPTEMBER 1939 AND TAKING OFFICE AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR TEN YEARS.

SIR WINSTON'S FIFTY YEARS OF POLITICAL LEADERSHIP: 1923-1939; THE DEVELOPING STATESMAN—IN OFFICE; AND IN THE WILDERNESS.

Mr. Churchill's defeat in the Election of 1922, as National Liberal at Dundee, ushered in a period in the wilderness which might well have daunted a lesser man. In 1923 he stood as Liberal for Leicester West and was defeated; in the spring of 1924 he stood, as Independent, for the Abbey Division of Westminster and was defeated by 43 votes. In the autumn of the same year, however, he was elected, as Constitutionalist, for Epping, which he continued to represent until 1945, when the boundaries were readjusted, and he became the Member for Woodford. In 1924 he joined the Conservative Party and became Chancellor of

the Exchequer, an office he held until 1929. After this date, although still a Member, he was in the wilderness as regards his own Party; and although as orator, historian and "voice crying in the wilderness," still one of the dominant characters of the era, he seemed a highly unlikely candidate for high office, still less for the Premiership. On India, on rearmament and resistance to the dictators and on the Abdication crisis, he had always taken the unpopular line; but in September 1939, his integrity and rightness were acknowledged in the universal applause at his appointment to the Admiralty.



BRITAIN'S NEW PRIME MINISTER: THE RT. HON. SIR ANTHONY EDEN, K.G., WHO, AS SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S SUCCESSOR, HAS TAKEN UP THE HIGHEST POLITICAL OFFICE IN THE LAND.

Sir Anthony Eden takes up the high office of Prime Minister and its heavy responsibilities at one of the most crucial periods in our history and that of the world. The great services which he has already rendered have gained him world-wide prestige and a degree of affection and respect enjoyed by few in public life. Sir Anthony Eden, who was born on June 12, 1897, has been Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Deputy Prime Minister since 1951; and Conservative M.P. for Warwick and Leamington since 1923. In October, 1954, the Queen conferred upon him the honour of knighthood and invested him with the insignia

of a Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. On January 14, 1955, Sir Anthony completed ten years' service as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, having held the office three times. The first of these was from December 22, 1935, to March 1, 1938, when he resigned and was succeeded by Lord Halifax; the second was from December 23, 1940, to July 28, 1945, when the Conservatives were defeated at the General Election and Mr. Bevin succeeded him as Foreign Minister; the third term of office began on October 27, 1951. In August, 1952, he married Miss Clarissa Churchill, a niece of Sir Winston Churchill.



THE GREATEST STATESMAN OF OUR TIME LAYS DOWN THE BURDEN OF OFFICE: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., O.M., THE ARCHITECT OF VICTORY—AND OF NATIONAL RECOVERY.

Since his election for Oldham in 1900 Sir Winston Churchill has been a Member of Parliament—with the exception of the years 1922-24, when he was "in the wilderness" and without a seat; and for almost the whole of that time he has been a National and Empire figure, and since 1940 a World Statesman of the highest rank. Of that great span of time he has spent about three-fifths in office, holding practically all the great offices of State; for about a quarter he has been "in the wilderness" and for the remainder he has been in opposition, and generally Leader of the Opposition. The news, therefore, of his retirement from office—even though it comes at so ripe an age—necessarily brings a great sense of loss not only to this nation but to the whole British Commonwealth of

Nations and, indeed, to the entire free world; and it is unlikely that this stepping-down and handing on the torch of leadership to Sir Anthony Eden will pass unnoticed behind the Iron Curtain. But that very phrase, so inevitably associated with his great speech at Fulton, Missouri, in 1946, in which he was the first to proclaim the way the post-war world was going, should serve as a reminder that Sir Winston Churchill, whether "in the wilderness," in opposition, or in retirement, is always likely to be a major force—as historian, prophet, rallying-point, or, we may suppose, as Elder Statesman. And it is significant of his stature, of his personality and of his greatness, that few will fail to say: "Long may he so continue!"

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY PROFESSOR ARTHUR PAN.



THE BUOYANT AND INDOMITABLE SPIRIT WHO CAPTAINED BRITAIN THROUGH HER FINEST HOUR: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE GARDEN OF NO. 10, DOWNING STREET—A WARTIME PHOTOGRAPH.



RECALLING THE ONSET OF VICTORY: A DIORAMA OF ARROMANCHES HARBOUR, BRIDGEHEAD OF THE EUROPEAN INVASION—IN SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S CHARTWELL STUDY. (Reproduced by courtesy of "Life" Magazine and "The Daily Telegraph.")

FROM OUR RECORD NUMBER—A GREAT SYMPOSIUM OF SIR WINSTON'S LIFE.

These two scenes—epitomising the indomitable buoyancy of the great war-leader, and that faculty of his for seizing on and pressing through a new concept, such as the Mulberry Harbours of the Normandy invasion—are from two of the twelve colour-plates in the Winston Churchill Record Number published by "The Illustrated London News" at 10s. 6d. This notable publication, besides the colour-plates mentioned, contains four gravure plates, some 200 illustrations in photogravure, covering every aspect of his

long, various and exciting life; and four authoritative articles on Sir Winston, as parliamentarian, as soldier and war-leader, as a great personality, and as a figure in world history. On this present historic occasion many of our readers may wish to obtain a copy for themselves or for their friends. It can be obtained from any branch of W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., your usual newsagent or, if you prefer to have it direct, please send 11s. 9d. (to cover cost and postage) to The Publisher, Ingram House, 195-8, Strand, London, W.C.2.



ARRIVING AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET SHORTLY BEFORE THE FATEFUL NORWAY DEBATE ON MAY 7, 1940, WHICH BROUGHT ABOUT THE RESIGNATION OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT.



THE PRIME MINISTER WITH HIS WAR CABINET IN OCTOBER 1941. THE EIGHT MEN WHO CONTROLLED THE WAR MACHINE ARE (L. TO R., STANDING) MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO; MR. ERNEST BEVIN, MINISTER OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE; LORD BEAVERBROOK, MINISTER OF SUPPLY; SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, (SITTING) SIR JOHN ANDERSON, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL; MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF DEFENCE; MR. C. R. ATTLEE, LORD PRIVY SEAL, AND MR. ANTHONY EDEN, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



SILENTLY SURVEYING THE RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AFTER IT HAD BEEN HIT ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 10, 1941: A MOVING PICTURE OF ONE OF THE GREATEST PARLIAMENTARIANS OF ALL TIMES.



THE CAIRO CONFERENCE, NOVEMBER 1943. MARSHAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND MR. CHURCHILL WITH THEIR MILITARY STAFFS MET IN NORTH AFRICA TO DISCUSS THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST, AND TO DEMAND JAPAN'S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.



AT THE ILL-OMENED YALTA CONFERENCE, FEBRUARY 1945. AT THIS MEETING, OSTENSIBLY CONCERNING THE ALLIES' FINAL PLANS FOR VICTORY, THE SHAPE OF POST-WAR EUROPE WAS VIRTUALLY DEFINED. THIS WAS THE LAST MAJOR CONFERENCE IN WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TOOK PART. (L. TO R.) MR. CHURCHILL, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND MARSHAL STALIN.



THE POTSDAM MEETING BETWEEN BRITAIN, AMERICA AND RUSSIA IN JULY 1945 BROUGHT PRESIDENT TRUMAN INTO THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE. MOREOVER, WITH AN ELECTION RESULT UNDECLARED AT HOME, MR. CHURCHILL WAS ACCOMPANIED BY MR. ATTLEE.



HANDING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT A PERSONAL LETTER FROM H.M. THE KING: A SCENE DURING THE DRAMATIC MEETING ABOARD THE U.S. CRUISER AUGUSTA IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC IN AUGUST 1941, WHICH SAW THE BIRTH OF THE ATLANTIC CHARTER. THE PRESIDENT IS SUPPORTED BY HIS SON, CAPTAIN ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT.



ACCLAIMED BY HIS PARTY, BUT REJECTED BY THE COUNTRY IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY: THE GREAT OVATION GIVEN TO MR. CHURCHILL BY HIS FOLLOWERS UPON ENTERING THE HOUSE ON AUGUST 1, 1945, THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEWLY-ELECTED HOUSE. (From The Illustrated London News of Aug. 18, 1945.)

SIR WINSTON'S FIFTY YEARS OF POLITICAL LEADERSHIP: 1940-1945; THE NATION'S VOICE; AND THE ARCHITECT OF VICTORY.

After years of unavailing opposition to the disastrous inertia of his own Party leaders, and, indeed, to some extent of the country as a whole, Sir Winston finally emerged, with the outbreak of the Second World War and the Norway invasion, as the inevitable war leader of the British people. During the grim and perilous struggle that followed, he symbolised the dogged will of the nation. More than that, he was ultimately responsible for the prosecution of the war in every department. To this task he brought all his gifts of mind and imagination, as well as the

vigour of a man of action. He travelled thousands of miles by sea and air to meet other Allied leaders—President Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin, Marshal Chiang Kai-shek. At conferences, such as those at Yalta, Casablanca and Potsdam, he helped to shape the course of the war and to ensure a just peace. Current sensational revelations of these proceedings have only added to his stature. When victory was finally achieved, he was rejected by the British electorate as a peacetime leader, but even in opposition he suffered no eclipse in world esteem.



MAKING HIS FIRST PUBLIC USE OF THE PHRASE "IRON CURTAIN" AND WARNING THE WORLD OF COMMUNISM: MR. CHURCHILL AT FULTON IN 1946.



GIVING THE COUNTRIES OF WESTERN EUROPE THE LEAD TO DEFENCE THROUGH UNITY: MR. CHURCHILL SPEAKING AT ZURICH IN SEPTEMBER 1946.



"THE MAIN AIM OF ALL CONSERVATIVE POLICY IS TO RESTORE THE GREATNESS OF BRITAIN": MR. CHURCHILL SPEAKING AT WOLVERHAMPTON IN 1949, IN THE OPENING STAGES OF THE ELECTORAL BATTLE.



THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER AND BUILDER OF PROSPERITY: MR. CHURCHILL SPEAKING AT SCARBOROUGH ON OCTOBER 11, 1952.



THE BERMUDA CONFERENCE IN DECEMBER 1953: SIR WINSTON (RIGHT) SEATED NEXT TO PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, WITH M. LAMIEL (THEN THE FRENCH PREMIER—LEFT).



DISCUSSING "FAMILY MATTERS" IN WASHINGTON IN JUNE 1954: (L. TO R.) MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES; SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL; PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND MR. ANTHONY EDEN.



RECEIVING GIFTS FROM BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: SIR WINSTON IN WESTMINSTER HALL ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.



AFTER PRESIDING AT HIS LAST CABINET MEETING: SIR WINSTON WITH MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET AT 10, DOWNING STREET, ON APRIL 5, 1955. (L. TO R.) STANDING: MR. OSBERT PEAKE; MR. THORNEYCROFT; SIR WALTER MONCKTON; MR. JAMES STUART; MR. LLOYD-GEORGE; MR. LENNOX-BOYD; MR. DUNCAN SANDYS; MR. HEATHCOAT-AMORY; SIR DAVID ECCLES AND SIR NORMAN BROOK (SECRETARY OF THE CABINET). SEATED: MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN; LORD WOOLTON; LORD KILMUIR; SIR ANTHONY EDEN; SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL; LORD SALISBURY; MR. BUTLER; LORD SWINTON, AND MR. CROOKSHANK.



BEFORE OFFERING HIS RESIGNATION TO THE QUEEN: SIR WINSTON LEAVING DOWNING STREET ON APRIL 5, FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

SIR WINSTON'S FIFTY YEARS OF POLITICAL LEADERSHIP: 1945-1955; IN OPPOSITION; AND THE BUILDER OF PROSPERITY.

Danger and defeat have always presented to Sir Winston Churchill a supreme challenge, and far from being "finished" when the Conservatives suffered a resounding defeat in the 1945 General Election, Sir Winston immediately flung himself into the new fight with the zest and enthusiasm of a much younger man. Indeed, as Leader of the Opposition, and after his triumphant return to power after the Election of October 1951, Sir Winston devoted himself, first to warning the world of the Communist menace, and then to the building-up of

Western strength. Although Sir Winston was on the eve of his seventy-seventh birthday when he again took up the heavy burdens of the Premiership, he at once embarked, and himself set the pace, for what has proved to be one of the most remarkable recovery programmes ever carried out. Sir Winston has now chosen to relinquish his powers while his own are undiminished, and people all over the world are praying that he may enjoy many further years of health and happiness in which to continue his unique services to the world.

FROM ENGLAND AND NORTH AMERICA: A CAMERA RECORD OF EVENTS.

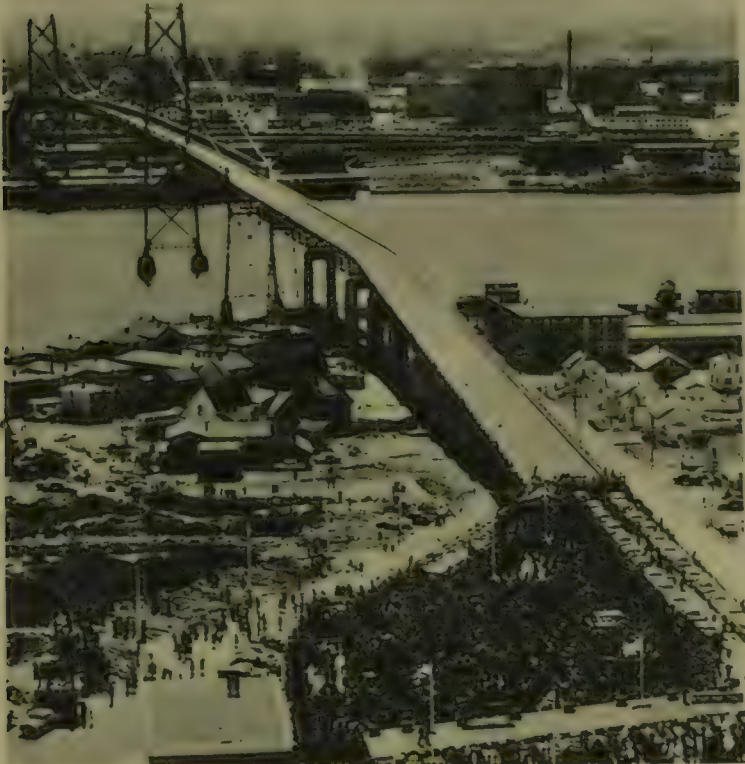


OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: QUEEN VICTORIA'S BEDROOM IN WHICH SHE DIED, SURROUNDED BY HER FAMILY, ON JANUARY 22, 1901.



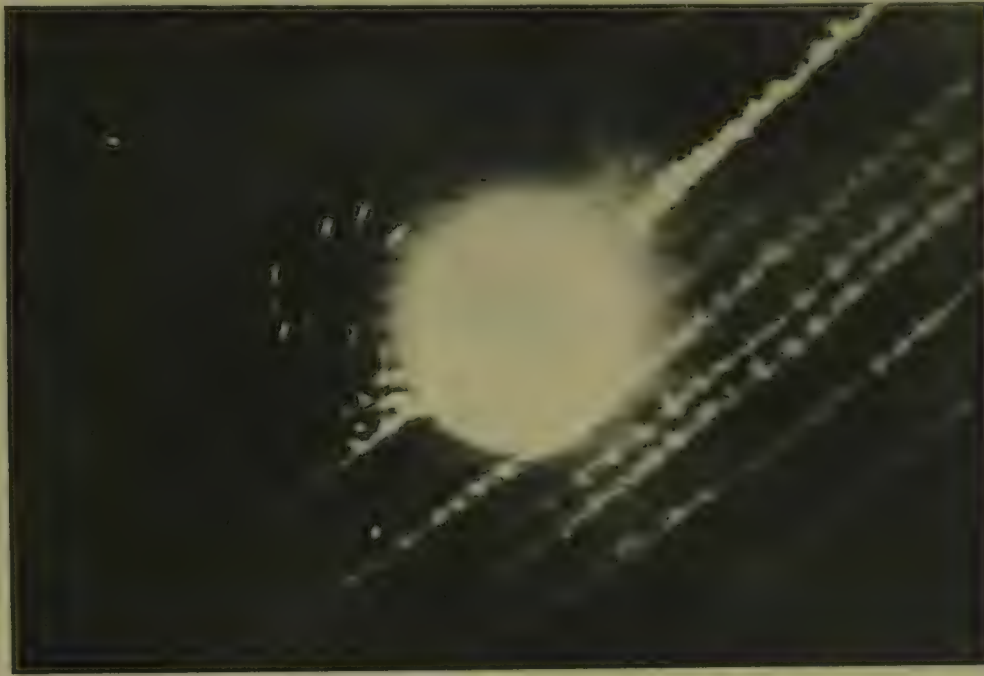
IN THE QUEEN'S SITTING-ROOM AT OSBORNE HOUSE: WRITING-DESKS USED BY QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT (LEFT).

This year when Osborne House, Isle of Wight, was reopened to the public at Easter, Queen Victoria's private apartments were on view for the first time. These rooms are of great interest, for they have been maintained exactly as they were in her lifetime. After the Prince Consort's death in 1861 the Queen kept everything as far as possible as it was in his lifetime, and the things he used at Osborne still lie where he left them.



THE SECOND LONGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH: THE ANGUS L. MACDONALD BRIDGE, AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

On April 2 Mrs. Angus L. Macdonald, widow of the late Premier of Nova Scotia, officiated at the opening of the mile-long Angus L. Macdonald Bridge, the 10,000,000-dollar structure spanning the harbour between Halifax, the capital city of Nova Scotia, and Dartmouth.



THE FIRST EXPLOSION OF AN AIR-TO-AIR ATOMIC MISSILE: THE FLASH OF THE BURST SOME SIX MILES UP ABOVE THE NEVADA PROVING GROUNDS, ON APRIL 6. IT WAS WITNESSED BY BRITISH OBSERVERS.

On the morning of April 6 the first air-to-air missile with an atomic warhead was exploded above the Nevada proving grounds, after being launched from a B-36 jet bomber, about six miles high. The flash appeared brighter than the sun at Las Vegas, about 75 miles away, where, seven minutes after the burst, windows were rattled by the shock wave. The size of the cloud and flash indicated that this was one of the smallest explosions of the current series of tests.



THROWING THEIR HATS INTO THE AIR: APPRENTICES AT HALTON, ON APRIL 6, AFTER THE PARADE AT THE GRADUATION OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST ENTRY OF AIRCRAFT APPRENTICES.

Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, took the salute on April 6 at the graduation of the seventy-first Entry of Aircraft Apprentices of No. 1 School of Technical Training, R.A.F., at Halton, in Buckinghamshire. This photograph shows the scene as the apprentices threw their hats into the air after the parade was over.



SIR WILLIAM PENNEY (CENTRE, WEARING GLASSES), WITH OTHER SCIENTISTS AND SERVICE EXPERTS, ON ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK TO WITNESS CURRENT U.S. ATOMIC TESTS.

On April 3, on the invitation of the U.S. Government, a party of British scientists and Service experts, led by Sir William Penney, arrived in New York en route for Nevada, to act as observers of the current atomic tests. The photograph shows: (l. to r.) Brigadier J. Shephard, Captain R. I. A. Sarell, R.N., Dr. R. Purcell, Rear-Admiral W. Yendall, Sir William G. Penney, Lieut.-General Sir A. Cassels, General Sir Sidney Kirkman, Mr. C. A. Adams, Air-Commodore L. Jarman and Group-Captain S. Menaul.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

RICE PUDDING: AND WHAT TO DO WITH OUR CROCUSES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IT was once said that the first thing that American tourists do on arriving in London is to go to the Horse Guards to see the

Changing of the Guard. In Paris, on the other hand, they make a bee-line for the Elysée to see the changing of the Government.

Recently, however, I have learnt of another American tourists' imperative "must" in this country. A correspondent told me that on her last visit to England there were two things which she had planned to do—to eat a rice pudding at Brown's Hotel and to come and look at my "English Garden." Now I have

not until we arrived in Montreal that we were introduced to the delights of wild rice. Looking back now, I think I realise wherein lies the special joy to American visitors of a rice pudding in London, quite apart from the cachet lent to it by Brown's. I believe it is the direct simplicity, the essential quality and flavour quite uncoerced by alien savours that appeals after the complications of a great deal of American food. During my six months in the U.S.A. I enjoyed innumerable outstandingly good meals. But I confess that the dishes which appealed to me most strongly were the simple things which had been allowed, even encouraged, to retain their own essential individual flavour, in the manner of a rice pudding. Now and then, after a spell of rather extra "Ritz" fare, especially hotel fare, with its complicated and confused flavours, and salads so decorative, so "landscaped" as to be hardly recognisable as salads, I would come to the conclusion—reluctantly, and, I would add, temporarily—that all American food is the same food, just as after a week or two on a luxury liner, all ships' food is the same food. It is at such times that a crisp crust from a cottage loaf, or a rice pudding, is pure heaven.

Wild rice is largely used in the U.S.A., I believe, in connection with game, and it is then given various outside flavours—onion, celery, and so forth. And it is used too, I think, as a special course, plain boiled, and served with butter, pepper and salt. That sounds good. As the proud and happy possessor of two whole packets of wild rice, I must try it thus. So far, we have only used it for rice pudding à la Brown. Full marks.

Wild rice can be and has been grown in this country, but only, I believe, on a small experimental scale. Years ago I raised a patch of it in a corner of a goldfish tank in my garden. It grew, in 2 ft. of water, to a height of 3 or 4 ft., flowered and seeded. But birds took the lot. Wildfowl, especially duck, are mad about the grain, and if it were given a fair chance on a sufficiently large scale it might well prove a valuable asset on duck-shoots. To grow it for human consumption in this country it would probably be necessary to do something about theft by birds. Possibly the best plan would be to grow such a lot of it that the mere sight of such abundance would make the most greedy bird feel slightly sick. Or judicious bird-scaring at the crucial time of harvest might be effective and worth while. There must be plenty of suitable water in the country where serious experiments might well be carried out on an adequate scale.

I was asked recently what is the best way of dealing with crocus bulbs which have been grown in pans and pots for flowering in the Alpine or the unheated greenhouse or indoors, especially the lovely original wild species, such as *Crocus imperati*, *C. sieberi*, *C. corsicus*, the lovely distinct forms of *C. chrysanthus*, and many others. What should be done with them when they have finished flowering, to give them every chance of carrying on to flower another year—or years? They are far too precious—and

many of them too expensive—just to throw away after flowering. Should they be kept growing in their pans and pots until the leaves have ripened off and died down, and then planted out in their permanent outdoor quarters, in the rock garden, or in some special menavlin bed reserved for choice, small bulbs and other dwarf plants, or should they be knocked out of their pans and planted temporarily as they are, as congested masses of bulb and root, to be lifted later, separated, and so planted out in their future homes? Perhaps this last plan would be the best, as the still-active roots would thus be able to carry on with



ONE OF THE FAVOURITE CROCUS SPECIES: *CROCUS CHRYSANTHUS*, IN THE SEEDLING FORM NAMED "E. A. BOWLES," WITH ROUNDISH PALE BUTTER-COLOURED FLOWERS. Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

always maintained that a rice pudding, any rice pudding, if properly made, is one of the noblest works of Man, but in my ignorance I had never realised that rice pudding was one of the many excellent amenities for which Brown's is world famous. Most certainly I must drop in there at lunch-time one of these days and complete my education. As to my "English Garden," my correspondent confessed that she had funkied proposing a visit. Just as well, perhaps. She would probably have been horribly disappointed. In spite of a number of interesting and beautiful plants which grow here, and flower from time to time, and which I try to describe in these articles, it is no sort of a show garden.

But to return to rice puddings. Why, I asked my correspondent, why all this fuss about English rice puddings, when in America they have their own native wild rice—*Zizania aquatica*, which in many ways is the best in the world? *Zizania aquatica* is an entirely distinct plant from the Eastern rice of commerce—and of Brown's—which is not only a different species but a different genus, *Oryza sativa*. The wild or "Canada rice," as it is called, is a tall, aquatic grass, found in some of the northern States of the U.S.A. and in Canada. The grain is collected and sold as a great delicacy—and, I believe, a somewhat expensive one. The grains are dark brown, about half an inch long, and slender. Personally, I think it is infinitely better than ordinary rice. More flavour, more character and with an excellent nutty texture.

In 1932 my wife and I spent six months in the U.S.A. and Canada. We travelled widely, and enjoyed overwhelming hospitality everywhere, with every sort of luxury food. But it was



ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE OF THE IMPERATI GROUP OF CROCUS: *C. VERSICOLOR* VAR. *PICTURATUS*, WITH RICH PURPLE MARKINGS ON A WHITE GROUND. Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

the work of nourishing the bulbs so that they would have the best possible chance of flowering next year.

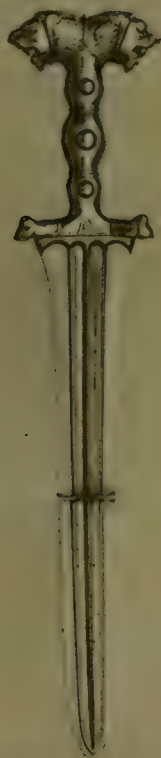
My own way, however, is to knock the masses of bulbs out of their pots directly the flowers are over, and carefully break up the masses of root and at once plant out in their future permanent quarters. My experience is that, treated in this way, the bulbs and roots take little or no harm, and sustain very little check from the disturbance. The roots have time to do a little more work in nourishing the bulbs before they become dormant for the summer rest, and they extract more immediate nourishment from the open soil than they could possibly find in the over-crowded conditions in the pans and pots in which they have been growing. In order to make a good show, the usual practice is to plant the bulbs far closer together than would be good for them after flowering. In plant-collecting in many places and over a good span of years I have constantly dug bulbs in full leaf, and even full flower, and have often marvelled at how little they seemed to resent such rough treatment. Often, collecting when in leaf or flower is one's only chance. Except in that state one could hardly find the bulbs, and waiting for the leaves to die down and leave the bulb dormant—well, in collecting abroad it is seldom that one can sit down and wait.

My advice, therefore, is to knock the plants out of their pans and pots, shake them out, gently but firmly, and plant at once. And this applies not only to the choice crocus species but to the big Dutch varieties and to narcissus, tulips and hyacinths as well. Knock them all out, and plant them out. Having sacrificed them for your early spring pleasure, it is only fair to give them a sporting chance of a hereafter.



ONE OF THE MOST ENGAGING AND CERTAINLY THE MOST PROLIFIC OF THE CROCUS SPECIES: *C. TOMASINIANUS*, WITH SLENDER FLOWERS OF PALE LAVENDER OR AMETHYST. Photograph by J. E. Downward.

ASSYRIAN AND PERSIAN GOLD AND SILVER: MASTERPIECES FROM RECENT DISCOVERIES, IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.



A GOLDEN DAGGER WITH A LION-HEAD HILT; FROM HAMADAN, MADE FOR THE ACHÆMENIAN KINGS. THE BLADE, ALSO OF GOLD, WAS BROKEN IN MODERN TIMES. (17 ins. long [43.2 cms.])



A GOLD PLAQUE, FROM ZAWIYEH, SHOWING ROWS OF ASSYRIAN MONSTERS SEPARATED BY TREES OF LIFE. PERHAPS FOR ATTACHMENT TO A SHROUD. THIS IS PROBABLY HALF THE ORIGINAL PLAQUE, WHICH MAY HAVE HAD SIX ROWS OF FIGURES. (10½ ins. wide [27.7 cms.])



OF THE SAME PERIOD (425-404 B.C.) AS THE GOLD DAGGER: A GOLD ORNAMENT IN THE FORM OF TWO LIONS, PERHAPS FOR ATTACHMENT TO A BELT. (5½ ins. high [13.3 cms.])



A SIMPLE AND BEAUTIFUL GOLD BOWL, FROM HAMADAN, INSCRIBED "DARIUS THE GREAT KING," IN OLD PERSIAN, ELAMITE AND BABYLONIAN—PROBABLY DARIUS I. (Diameter, 7½ ins. [19.7 cms.])



A MAGNIFICENT GOLD BRACELET OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C., FROM ZAWIYEH. ONE OF THE LIONS' HEADS IS DETACHABLE FOR EASE IN PUTTING ON. THE TEETH AND TONGUES WERE SEPARATELY MADE. (Lent to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Martin.)



A SILVER WINE-BOWL WITH SHALLOW EMBOSSED DECORATION AND AN INSCRIPTION IN OLD PERSIAN CUNEIFORM (GIVEN BELOW): PERSIAN WORK OF THE ACHÆMENIAN PERIOD. (Diameter, 11½ ins. [29.2 cms.])



A SILVER RHYTON, OR DRINKING-VESEL, IN THE FORM OF A RAM'S HEAD: FROM ZAWIYEH AND OF THE PRE-ACHÆMENIAN PERIOD (EIGHTH-SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.) COMPARE WITH THE LION RHYTON (RIGHT):



A MAGNIFICENT GOLD RHYTON, FROM HAMADAN, OF THE ACHÆMENIAN PERIOD (SIXTH-FIFTH CENTURY B.C.) IN THE SHAPE OF A FEROCIOUS BUT FORMALISED LION. THE BAND BELOW THE LIP IS BOUND WITH 136 FT. OF FINE GOLD WIRE. (6½ ins. high [17.1 cms.])



A GOLD PLAQUE FROM ZAWIYEH, IN THE MANNEAN STYLE, EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.: TWO LIONS WITH A SINGLE HEAD, AND A TREE OF LIFE. PROBABLY ORIGINALLY SEWN TO CLOTH.

The magnificent Assyrian and Persian objects of gold and silver reproduced on this page are from an exhibition of Assyrian and Persian Art which opened at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, on March 25, and included objects acquired by or lent to the Museum which have never been previously exhibited. The exhibition falls into three sections: first, objects from Nimrud, mostly ivories, which were discovered since the war by Professor M. E. L. Mallowan and which have already been illustrated in *The Illustrated London News*; second, objects from the hoard found in an Assyrian bronze bath (or coffin) found at Zawiyeh, in Kurdistan, north-west Persia, in 1947; and third, gold and silver objects, from

Hamadan, also in north-west Persia, made for the Achæmenian kings, including Darius and Artaxerxes. Indeed, the Old Persian cuneiform inscription on the silver wine-bowl illustrated has been translated: "Artaxerxes, the great king, king of kings, king of the countries, son of Xerxes, son of Darius, the king, the Achæmenian . . . who . . . this cup was made, for the palace." As well as their archaeological importance, these pieces have a beauty, artistry and technical skill of the first order. The gold lion rhyton, in particular, is a master-work of the Persian goldsmith, the roof of the lion's mouth being delicately ribbed and the band below the vessel's lip being bound with 44 rows of twisted gold wire.



JAPANESE ceramics have been out of fashion for more than a generation and it is rare indeed for any fine examples to appear in the sale-room. One reason for this is because not even the Japanese themselves appear to know a great deal about it; another is that the very best, whether pottery or porcelain, has remained in Japan; and the third—and possibly the most weighty—is that vast quantities of that



FIG. 1. AN EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE ENAMELLED PORCELAIN: A KAKIEMON LOBED TEAPOT, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (3½ ins. high.)

This small teapot, in common with the other two examples of Japanese enamelled porcelain illustrated, is due to come up for sale at Sotheby's on April 26. It is decorated with flowers in vertical panels under a *rouge-de-fer* border round the shoulders. The spout, chain and handle mount is in silver-gilt. (By Courtesy of Sotheby's.)

heavily-decorated so-called "brocaded" ware known as Satsuma were exported to Europe during the last half of the nineteenth century and it took Europe about fifty years to realise that the stuff was made almost wholly for export and was not in Japanese taste at all. Moreover, as Mr. Honey points out, "the jargon of Japanese words and names used as a smoke-screen by some authorities may well give the impression that the whole field is nothing but a playground for cranks and madmen. . . . Japanese opinion is even more exasperating than European and is notoriously unscientific." ("The Ceramic Art of China and Other Countries of the Far East," [Faber and Faber; 1945].)

These are hard words, and though they break no bones they are liable to make one shrug one's shoulders and go off at a tangent to other things. None the less, if and when you do have the opportunity of seeing some of the porcelain, not to mention the pottery (both ancient and modern) which has been produced in Japan since an almost legendary potter went into China in the sixteenth century and brought back with him the necessary know-how (for till that time only pottery was made in Japan), you cannot withhold your admiration, though you may remain hopelessly fogged as to the date and place of manufacture of particular specimens. You will perhaps be specially impressed—that is, if you happen to share my own prejudices—by the type known as Kakiemon, so-called from the name of a family of potters, the first of whom is said to have introduced polychrome enamelling in the mid-seventeenth century. It has distinct virtues in its own right, and in addition provided every porcelain factory in Europe with worthwhile models, which each proceeded with greater or less success to translate into its own language. For example, you could at a first glance call the little teapot of Fig. 1 a Chelsea piece without undue shame, and there is in the Victoria and Albert Museum a copy of the butterfly pattern of the bowl in Fig. 4 on a dish. Another pattern, also Japanese, which is often seen on English porcelain and especially on Worcester, consists of a design of a *ho ho* bird on a tree-stump with flowering branches—a design which for some reason or other—I have never heard the exact explanation—has been known from time immemorial as

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. JAPAN AND CHINA.

By FRANK DAVIS.

the "Sir Joshua Reynolds pattern." I presume Sir Joshua must have ordered some plates from the Worcester factory.

Such things reached Europe at the end of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth century in considerable numbers; there are many, for example, at Dresden, in the collection formed by Augustus the Strong; and as our notions of geography were exceedingly vague, no one bothered overmuch about their origins, whether Chinese or Japanese; all that mattered was that they were importations from the marvellous East and superior to anything yet produced in the Western world. No wonder everyone tried to copy them once the secret of true porcelain had been discovered; and, indeed, before then on Dutch Delft-ware. For that matter, echoes of the style can be traced in English Delft, up to about 1760.

Tastes are bound to differ in these as in other matters, but what I find particularly attractive is not so much the formal patterns as the vital, rather sketchy, drawing on many of the pieces, some of which are surely worthy to rank with anything of a similar nature in the whole wide world. Such a piece seems to be the octagonal moulded bowl of Fig. 3; forget the decoration, and it is still superb; smother it with a design and it still remains a fine thing; draw on it with so lively a brush the little dog in green and the stag in blue and you have an additional enchantment; turn the thing round (I can't do that here) and you find a man in a blue robe running along with a bamboo spear in his hand; look inside (I can't do that either), and you find flowering trees and scattered flowers; altogether as pretty and as sensitive a piece of potting and decoration as you can hope to discover. So much for the best of the Japanese contribution to the potter's craft; over now to China, where it all originated.

Here the ground has long since been mapped out in a scientific manner, so that we really have no excuse

for not recognising the main types. Some will go so far as to assert that so much high-powered cerebration has been devoted to the study in recent years that we are in danger of reading theories about porcelain rather than looking at actual pieces, like analysing a Shakespeare sonnet so scientifically that you become incapable of appreciating either meaning or music. However, I suggest you have to be either excessively pedantic or uncommonly blind if you fail to see virtue in the *famille rose* dish of Fig. 2, with its beautifully placed kingfisher on a flowering prunus branch, with poppy sprays as well, and the reverse enamelled with flowering branches of prunus, lotus and peony. Reign of Yung Cheng (1723-1735). When such a dish finds its way into an auction catalogue it is described



FIG. 2. A FINE CHINESE *FAMILLE ROSE* DISH, DECORATED "IN THE CHINESE TASTE." REIGN OF YUNG CHENG, 1723-1735. (Diameter 8 ins.)

The beautiful placing of the kingfisher on a flowering prunus branch, with poppy sprays with which this *famille rose* dish is decorated should be noted. The reverse bears flowering branches of prunus, lotus and peony. (By Courtesy of Christie's.)



FIG. 3. SHOWING THE SIDE BEARING A GREEN DOG CHASING A BLUE STAG: A FINE JAPANESE ENAMELLED PORCELAIN BOWL, END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (Diameter 7 ins.)

This very fine and rare octagonal moulded Japanese enamelled porcelain bowl is decorated with a superbly drawn and painted dog giving chase to a stag, while the side which is not visible bears a man running. The interior has vertical moulded panels of flowering and fruiting trees. (By Courtesy of Sotheby's.)



FIG. 4. DECORATED WITH A PATTERN COPIED AT THE CHELSEA FACTORY, IN ENGLAND: A RARE CINQUEFOIL JAPANESE PORCELAIN BUTTERFLY BOWL. c. 1680.

(Diameter 5½ ins. One of a pair.)

Each of the five lobed sides of this bowl (one of a pair) is painted with a green and blue butterfly enriched with red, and in the centre with two butterflies affronted on a plain white ground. The pattern was copied at the Chelsea factory at least once, as can be seen by a dish in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in the W. W. Winkworth gift. (By Courtesy of Sotheby's.)

invariably as "in the Chinese taste," which is accurate enough, and serves as a useful reminder that the vast bulk of the enormous Chinese export trade during the eighteenth century consisted of far more extravagantly decorated and far less subtle pieces than this.

The description *famille rose*, together with the familiar names, *famille noire* and *famille verte*, is a reminder of the lead taken by the French in the study of Chinese porcelain, largely due to the intelligent curiosity of the French Jesuit missionaries, who reached China as early as the sixteenth century, notably Père D'Entrecolles, to whose letters home early in the eighteenth century we owe so much of our knowledge about the ceramic industry; indeed, I have read—I forget just where—that at one period there was the possibility that Christianity might have become if not the sole, at least one of the officially recognised religions, but that the Vatican found it impossible to reconcile Church doctrine with the Emperor's views about ancestor worship; it is interesting to speculate upon the possible political results had a compromise been practicable.

The *famille rose* palette seems to have begun to come into fashion towards the end of the seventeenth century, and it is one of the innovations—*cloisonné* enamel was another—which the Chinese took over from the West, where Andreas Cassius, of Leyden, whose name surely deserves to be better remembered, round about 1650 first produced from gold chloride and tin the rose-purple colour named after him. All through the eighteenth century *famille rose* poured into Europe, but neither its full quality nor its range was fully appreciated here until in 1935 the then Chinese Government sent to the Exhibition at Burlington House a great number of wonderful pieces from the Imperial Collection which had, of course, been in Peking since they were made. A series of subtle miniature paintings, with birds and flowers—as in Fig. 2—placed with calculated asymmetry upon a white background, and sharing with the Japanese pieces illustrated a similar fine and delicate feeling for nature, without any of the niggling overcrowding which can be so exasperating in the more ordinary wares of both countries.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND GOVERNMENT CHANGES.



BRITAIN'S NEW FOREIGN SECRETARY: MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN.

In Sir Anthony Eden's reconstructed Government, Mr. Macmillan, who is sixty-one, has been appointed Foreign Secretary. He had been Minister of Defence since October 1954, and was Minister of Housing and Local Government, 1951-54; and was Minister Resident at the Allied H.Q. in North-West Africa, 1942-45.



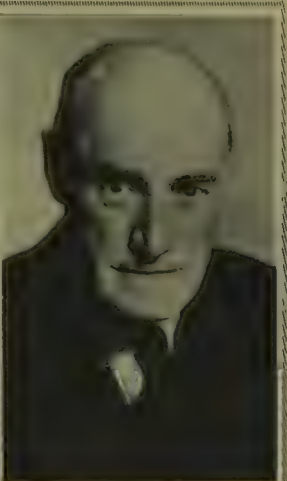
THE NEW MINISTER OF DEFENCE: MR. SELWYN LLOYD.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has been appointed to replace Mr. Macmillan as Minister of Defence. He is fifty and has been Minister of Supply since October 1954, and was previously Minister of State at the Foreign Office from 1951-54. He entered Parliament in 1945 as Conservative Member for the Wirral Division of Cheshire.



SECRETARY OF STATE FOR COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS: LORD HOME.

The Earl of Home, who is fifty-one, has been appointed Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, with a seat in the Cabinet. He succeeds Lord Swinton. He was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Prime Minister (Mr. Neville Chamberlain) from 1937-39, and had been Minister of State, Scottish Office, since 1951.



CREATED AN EARL ON HIS RETIREMENT: LORD SWINTON.

Sir Anthony Eden accepted the offer of Lord Swinton, who had been Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations since December 1952, to stand down in favour of a younger man. On his retirement, Lord Swinton, who is seventy, has been created an Earl. He has been Deputy Leader of the House of Lords since 1951.



LEAVING THE GOVERNMENT AND CREATED A BARON: MR. HENRY STRAUSS.

Member for South Norwich since 1950, Mr. Henry Strauss leaves the Government, and is created a Baron. Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Works and Planning, 1942-43, and of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, 1943-45, he has been Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade, since 1951.



MINISTER OF STATE, SCOTTISH OFFICE; AND A PEER: CDR. GALBRAITH.

Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Scotland since 1951, Cdr. T. D. Galbraith has represented the Pollok Division of Glasgow since 1940. He is created a Baron and appointed Minister of State, Scottish Office. He served, in the Navy, in both World Wars, in the latter on the Staff, C-in-C, Coast of Scotland.



APPOINTED TO THE COURT OF INQUIRY INTO THE NEWSPAPER DISPUTE: (L. TO R.) MR. S. M. CAFFYN, SIR JOHN FORSTER AND MR. W. J. P. WEBBER.

NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C.: MR. NORMAN PRICHARD.

The Labour Party in the London County Council decided on April 4 to nominate Mr. Prichard as chairman of the Council for the coming year, and on April 6 he was duly elected by the full Council. He is a barrister, and chairman of the Metropolitan Boroughs Standing Joint Committee. He succeeds Mr. Victor Mishcon.



AFTER THE WEDDING OF THEIR DAUGHTER: MR. AND MRS. C. R. ATTLEE WITH THEIR DAUGHTER FELICITY AND HER HUSBAND, MR. J. K. HARWOOD.

Mr. Attlee, the Leader of the Opposition, attended with his wife the marriage of their daughter, Miss Felicity Ann Attlee, to Mr. John Harwood at Amersham Register Office on April 2. At the back of the picture are the bridegroom's parents, Colonel and Mrs. C. E. Harwood. The bride is twenty-nine years of age, the bridegroom twenty-eight.



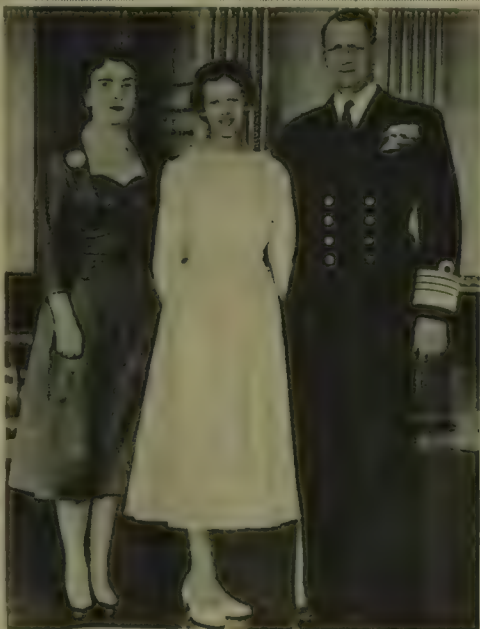
VISITING THE COLONIAL OFFICE: CROWN PRINCE TUNGI OF TONGA.

Prince Tungi, Crown Prince and Premier of Tonga, and son and heir of Queen Salote, arrived in London on a private visit and was entertained to tea at Buckingham Palace by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on April 6. Before going to the Palace he spent an hour-and-a-half at the Colonial Office, where he had talks with officials.



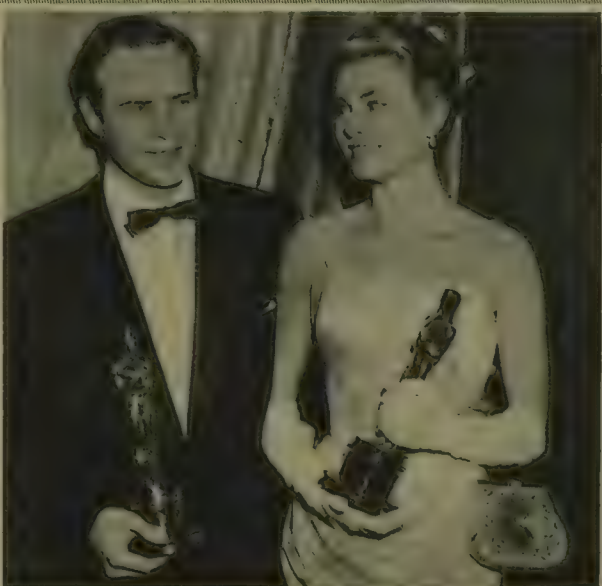
PREPARING THE BUDGET AT 11, DOWNING STREET: MR. R. A. BUTLER, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

With the famous Budget box before him on his desk at his official residence at No. 11, Downing Street, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. Butler, drafted the proposals he will make in his Budget speech on April 19. Throughout the customary buzz of nation-wide speculation, the Chancellor preserved his traditional silence. He faced the new financial year, however, with a Budget surplus of £433,000,000.



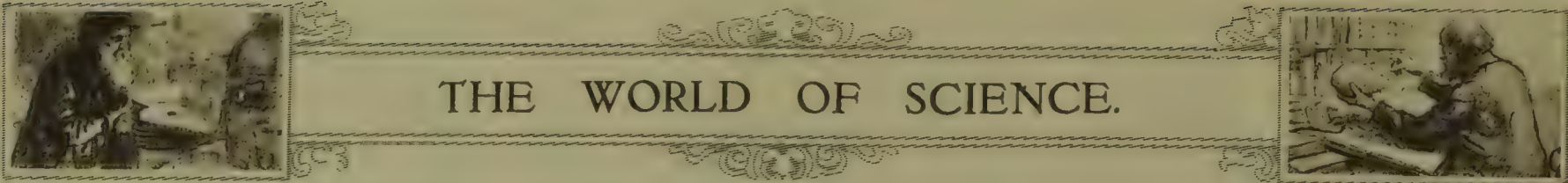
THE HEIRESS TO THE DANISH THRONE CONFIRMED: PRINCESS MARGRETHE WITH HER PARENTS.

On April 1 the heiress to the Danish throne, Princess Margrethe, was confirmed in the Palace Church of Fredensborg. The ceremony was attended only by members of her family, including King Gustaf Adolf and Queen Louise of Sweden, and her cousin, Princess Margaretha. Princess Margrethe is related to the British Royal family.



THIS YEAR'S WINNERS OF THE MOTION PICTURE ACADEMY'S AWARDS: MISS GRACE KELLY AND MR. MARLON BRANDO.

The two top prize-winners in the twenty-seventh awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences are Miss Grace Kelly, acclaimed as "Best Actress" for her performance in "The Country Girl," and Mr. Marlon Brando, voted the "Best Actor" for his part in "On the Waterfront." The picture above was taken shortly after the presentation of the "Oscars" in Hollywood on March 30.



HOW did Jennie come to be with us? Her owner, being obliged to go overseas, had wished to find her a new home. She wrote to me, her letter coming somewhat out of the blue. I quickly replied by telegram, and after a few more preliminaries a Dongolan genet was installed in our house. It meant clearing a small lumber room, erecting a system of light boughs to give in miniature the facilities of the woodland, and installing a greenhouse heater to give the minimum heat required by a tropical animal. But it was all worth while. Naturally she would have been better off in her native habitat, but circumstances being what they were, this was the best that could be done.

She had been previously known by a variety of endearing names, but very quickly with us this rather obvious variation on her scientific name fell into common usage, and Jennie she is now. Cat-like, with some of the qualities of a mongoose, she is beautiful. Her slender, narrow body as well as the neck and head are beautifully patterned with black on a silver-grey background. The face bears a conspicuous triangle in white under each eye and along the back is a black line. The tail is ringed in black and whitish-grey. And, then, how does one describe the size of a genet? To say it is the size of a small cat is adequate, perhaps, but only approximately true. To give exact measurements is difficult, for the size of the body is always changing, especially the neck, which may be drawn in until it is no more than 2 ins. long or extended to something like 6 ins., with little perceptible loss in diameter. If we say the head and body measure 18 ins. and the tail about the same, then we are somewhere near the truth.

Jennie had been rescued when a suckling, with an injured spine, and brought in to her first owner. Foster-parent would be a better word, for although Miss Lindley hand-fed her and brought her safely through to maturity she never tried to tame her, having the idea of one day returning her to the bush. Things did not so work out, however. Nor, for that matter, can we now be described as her owners, for she is still semi-wild at least. This was evident as soon as we took the box, in which she had been transported, into her new home. The hinged lid was unfastened and, the moment I raised it, it

INTRODUCING JENNIE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

side to another, with ears twitching, eyes fully concentrated and nostrils working. Every detail of her new world was closely inspected, even to the occasional cobwebs and the marks on ceiling and wall. Yet, although this inspection was carried out with such



INSTALLED IN DR. BURTON'S HOUSE IN SURREY: JENNIE, A DONGOLAN GENET, SEEN IN PARTIAL DISPLAY AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER LIFTED HIS HAND, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS NOT NEAR THE ANIMAL NOR WAS THE FINGER DIRECTED AT IT. THE PRESENCE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER APPARENTLY MADE THE ANIMAL CROSS RATHER THAN AGGRESSIVE, AND THE FULL DISPLAY WAS AT NO TIME SHOWN TO HIM.

With few exceptions, genets are found only in Africa. There are numerous species and races. Some are found exclusively in the forests of the Congo and Uganda, others inhabit the grassy or scrub country, keeping mainly to the thick cover by streams and rivers. Most genets are profusely spotted with black or rust-coloured spots or blotches on a pale ground. The legs are short, the head long and the muzzle sharp. Nocturnal in habit, they feed on small mammals, birds, insects, carrion and fruit. The genet has been described as a bloodthirsty killer, destructive to poultry, but making a good pet when taken young.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

seeming concentration, if one moved suddenly or went too near her she favoured us with her aggressive display. In this, the back is arched, the head held low and the line of black hair in the middle of the back rises in a crest. The tail, held straight out behind, becomes a fair representation of a bottle-brush.

When in full display the crest extends from just behind the head and along the back to the root of the tail. It is important to say, however, that the full

display is not necessarily given for every alarm. At the first slight disturbance only a few hairs rise, at a point about midway along the back. As the alarm increases, more hairs, fore and aft of this small bunch, become erect until finally the crest is continuous. This gives a very useful yardstick for measuring the degree of alarm experienced by the animal.

One day, soon after her arrival, she seemed to be particularly nervous. When I went into the room she was on a branch just above the level of my head. I put up my hand to her and she went into full display, crest, bottle-brush and all. In addition, she bared her teeth and treated me to a low hiss. It was, of course, the hand that was at fault. It has long been known, and in recent years has been subject to more exact tests, that to an animal the human hand has particular significance. To the untamed animal it is a source of danger while in one fully tame it is a source of security, food or petting. Here was a good opportunity to put this to the test myself, and since that day I have taken particular note, using the index afforded by the movements of the genet's dorsal crest.

If the hand is quickly thrust up at her the full display takes place; and if the hand is carried up slowly towards her the crest is slowly erected, beginning at the middle and extending in each direction, to the tail and the head. These two are invariable, and movements of the hand always evoke a response of some kind. If, now, keeping my hands in my pockets I move my head towards her, there is little or no response, even with a violent jerk of the head and with the head thrust as close to her as the hand was previously. Always, with hands in pockets, if I move the head, the trunk, the legs, even the arms, provided the hands are in the pockets, there is no alarm. Then I tried such tests as bringing one knee sharply up and, after this, taking one hand out of the pocket and raising it only as high as the knee had been. With the knee there was no alarm, with the hand the crest was erected.

It could be argued, of course, that merely having been handled, however benevolently, will cause the animal to view a hand with the greater disfavour. The hand must become for it a symbol of loss of liberty. The importance of the hands has, however, been demonstrated many times with four-footed animals,



WITH THE CREST BEGINNING TO RISE AND THE TAIL NEARLY NORMAL: JENNIE THE GENET IN AN ATTITUDE OF ONLY SLIGHT APPREHENSION.



WITH SUSPICIONS AROUSED: THE GENET'S CREST IS MORE CONSPICUOUS AND THE TAIL HAIRS ARE RAISED SO THAT THEY RESEMBLE A BOTTLE-BRUSH.

was thrust upwards from within and a streak of mottled lightning leapt upwards. The nearest vertical object was a window pane and the genet was carried up this by the force of her leap. Then, with a twist of the body she changed direction and landed on a horizontal bough. In a short while she started to explore her new world. Silently, almost snakelike, she traversed the length of one bough after another, testing each step with her front paws and not lifting the rear hind-paw until assured by pressure on the fore-paws that her advancing foothold was secure. Meanwhile, the neck was extended to the full and moving slowly upwards, and from one

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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as when an ill-tempered dog has been pacified by keeping the hands hidden and talking to it in a low, soothing voice. Behaving thus towards Jennie has a similar effect. Then she will drop her crest and merely stare fixedly at you with the unblinking eyes of a night-hunter.

It seems to be otherwise with birds. Otto Koenig has recently shown that the little bittern, and other birds, will display aggressively at a human face, taking no notice of the hands. Exploiting this, he was able, by bringing the face down nearer and nearer to a sitting bird and, at the same time, advancing the hands, finally to lift it off the nest.

A NEW FOOD SUPPLY AND INDUSTRY FOR NIGERIANS: THE PANYAM FISH FARM.



LYING IN A GREAT VALLEY BETWEEN TWO VOLCANOES: PANYAM FISH FARM, IN THE PLATEAU PROVINCE OF NORTHERN NIGERIA, WHICH INAUGURATES A BOLD EXPERIMENT.



ON THE MOVE: FISH WHICH WILL MAKE UP THE DIET-DEFICIENCIES OF AFRICAN LABOURERS SURFACE IN THE FIRST OF THE MAN-MADE PONDS.



NETTING THE TILAPIA: A NET IS DRAWN ACROSS THE POND BY THE NATIVE WORKERS AND THE PERCH-LIKE FISH LEAP OUT OF THE WATER AT THE BARRIER.



THE GRADING TABLE: LARGE FISH GO TO ONE END OF THE TRAY AND WILL BE SOLD, WHILE THE SMALLER FISH ARE RETURNED TO THE PONDS TO GROW AND BREED.



KEEPING THEM ALIVE: TILAPIA ARE CAREFULLY SPILLED FROM THE NET INTO DRUMS OF WATER TO PRESERVE THEM BEFORE BEING GRADED.



THE TILAPIA: A FISH THAT GROWS QUICKLY, BREEDS ONLY ONCE A YEAR, ENABLING BREEDING TO BE CONTROLLED, AND HAS A TASTE THAT THE AFRICANS SEEM TO ENJOY.



THE FISH-FARMER EXPLAINS A SAMPLE TO A STUDENT: THE HILL WATER IS EXCELLENT, RICH IN FEEDING MATTER AND ALKALINE.

In many parts of the vast territory of Northern Nigeria the Africans, including a large labour force of tin-miners, can not obtain sufficient natural animal proteins. To obviate this, the Nigerian Government has inaugurated a scheme for a fish farm, 4000 ft. above sea-level. The first step was to construct a "pilot pond," in which breeding experiments were conducted. These revealed that large yields of fish could be obtained without special feeding. The hill water is rich in feeding matter and alkaline. The fish chosen was the tilapia, a kind of perch. There were several reasons for this choice. The tilapia grows quickly; it can live out

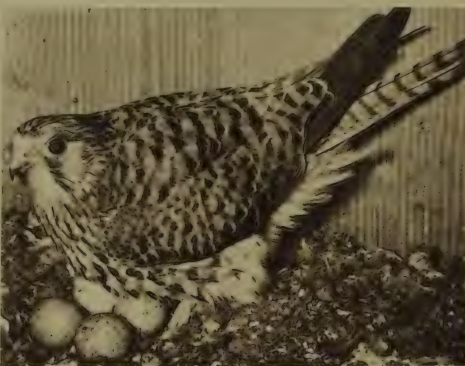
of water for a good time—and can therefore be transported to distant markets without going bad; normally breeds only once a year—enabling breeding to be controlled; and has a taste that is popular with the Africans. In 1952, work was started on the construction of a huge reservoir which will ultimately fill more ponds. No machinery was used: the Sura tribe provided nearly all the labour. Panyam is proving to dubious African farmers that fish-farming is more profitable and less arduous than working bad soil. It is a training-ground for future fish-farmers from many parts of the territory, the source of a new Nigerian industry.

FROM EGGS TO THE FIRST FLIGHT: THE BREEDING IN A GERMAN DOVECOTE, RECORDED IN A SERIES OF

TWO of the many schools in Britain and abroad which to-day make a special point of encouraging the young to undertake individual or group projects or tasks are Salem, in Baden, Germany, and Gordons-town, in Scotland. Salem, a former Cistercian Abbey, founded in 1134, is now in the possession of the House of Baden. In 1919 Prince Max of Baden, the last Imperial Chancellor, founded a public school there which had grown from four boys to 450 boys and girls by 1933, when the headmaster, Dr. Kurt Hahn, was imprisoned by the Nazis. After his release he came to Britain and founded Gordons-town. Meanwhile, the Markgraf of Baden, son of Prince Max, courageously defended the independence of



ON MAY 28: THE FEMALE KESTREL SITTING ON THE EGGS IN HER NEST IN A DISEASED DOVECOTE OF A HOUSE AT SALEM, IN BADEN, GERMANY.



ABOUT TO SETTLE: THE FEMALE BIRD, ON MAY 23, WITH HER FOUR EGGS IN A DOVECOTE AT THE GABLE END OF A FOUR-STORY BUILDING.



THE FIRST ARRIVAL: ONE LONELY KESTREL CHICK TAKING A LOOK AT THE OUTSIDE WORLD. ONE OF THE OTHER EGGS HAS BEEN CHIPPED.



Huddled together: THREE RATHER UNHAPPY LOOKING KESTREL CHICKS ON JUNE 5, WITH THE YOUNGEST AND SMALLEST NEAREST TO THE CAMERA.

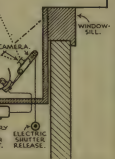


"ABOUT THIS TIME THE BODY FEATHERS WERE GROWING, AND THE BOWS GRADUALLY CAST." THE CHICKS ON JUNE 25, ELEVEN DAYS BEFORE THE FIRST LEFT THE DOVECOTE.

through a hole to the outside. The distance from the lens to the nest was only 30 ins., which necessitated fitting a close-up adaptor. This was unfortunate, as it reduced the field of the camera, and I rarely got the whole of the bird into the picture. A few days later, when the birds had got used to the changes, I took the first exposures. The bird took no notice of the flash, but for the first few days it did

(Continued on page 705)

Continued, the school at Salem until it was finally taken over by the Nazis in January 1944. It was closed in April 1945, and reopened in November of that year. In 1948 Prince George of Hanover, an old Salem boy who was also at school at Marlborough, was appointed headmaster, and since then the numbers in the school have again increased to 500. In 1953 a seventeen-year-old school-boy at Salem decided, at the suggestion of a master, to set himself the task of taking photographs of a kestrel family from the moment the eggs were laid until the young birds took their first flight. The success of this project can be judged from the fine series of photographs which are shown on these pages. The boy who took them writes:—"In 1953 I found a rather unusual nest site. A pair of kestrels had chosen to rear its brood in an empty dovecote fixed to the gable end of a four-storey building. On May 17 I saw the female, recognisable by the heavier spotting on her back and the absence of the male's ash crown, alight at the dovecote and disappear inside. I went to investigate, and found her sitting on four eggs. These were placed in a shallow depression among the dried pellets of a pair of barn owls, the former occupants of the site. I thought the place well suited to photography, and decided to take a series of pictures of the breeding activities. Through a crack in the side of the box I could see most of the interior while remaining invisible to the birds in the darkness of the attic. The same day the camera was installed inside. As this was completely ignored, the flashlight followed a day later. The leads of the electric shutter release and the flashlight battery were run



THE POSITION OF THE NEST AND THE CAMERA: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE INTERIOR OF THE DOVECOTE WHERE THE KESTRELS NESTED.



THE SITE CHOSEN BY THE KESTRELS FOR (ARROWED) FIXED TO THE GABLE END OF A FOUR-STORY BUILDING.

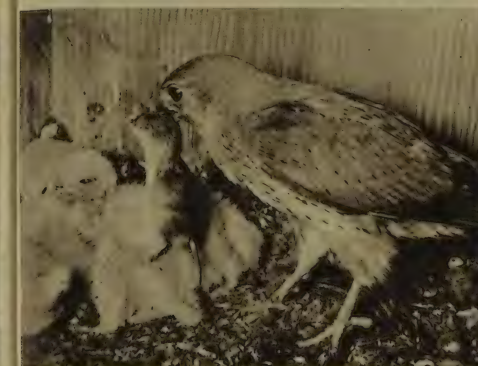


THEIR NEST: THE DISEASED DOVECOTE END OF A FOUR-STORY BUILDING.

(Continued) hatched at intervals of a few hours, but the last did not emerge until the night of June 4th-5th. The size difference between this last and the earlier chicks did not diminish but increased as time went on. As the weakest was pushed into the background by its older brothers and sisters it never got anything until they were satisfied, by which time there was not always enough left. Only the female divided the food. The male would drop it whole and leave it. Fledgling took about five weeks and the chicks' down, at first a yellowish-white, turned to a dirty grey and increased in length. At the end of the first week, the primary and secondary quills could be seen through the skin, and broke through a week later. At the end of three weeks all but the youngest weakling could stand upright. It became increasingly difficult to get pictures of the feeding, as now the young would run forward to meet the returning parents at the entrance, outside the camera's range. Their calls, uttered whenever the parents returned, began to resemble the old birds'. The young became increasingly



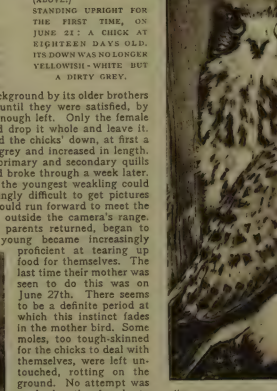
ORIGINALLY A CISTERCIAN MONASTERY: WHERE THE BOY WHO TOOK THESE THE BUILDING WITH THE DOVECOTE



ABOUT TO FEED THE YOUNG: THE COCK BIRD BRINGING A MOUSE TO THE NEST ON JUNE 13, WHEN THE CHICKS WERE TEN DAYS OLD.



(ABOVE) STANDING UPRIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME, ON JUNE 21: A CHICK AT EIGHTEEN DAYS OLD. ITS DOWN WAS NO LONGER YELLOWISH-WHITE BUT A DIRTY GREY.



"A FEW DAYS BEFORE LEAVING THE NEST, THE YOUNG RESEMBLED THEIR PARENTS." THE CHICKS; ONE WITH DOWN STILL ON ITS HEAD.

boy-photographer made a list of the prey brought in during a consecutive period: 15 lizards; 14 mice, mostly without heads; 7 moles; 2 sparrows; 1 chaffinch; 1 shrew and 1 mole cricket. On sunny days lizards predominated; birds were only captured during dull, rainy weather. The photographs were taken with a Leica III camera with Elmar 5 cm. lens fitted with a close-up adaptor, its electromagnetically shutter release was used and a flash; the lens aperture used was f/16 to f/22.



OFFERING HER YOUNG A JUICY MORSEL: THE FEMALE KESTREL WITH HER CHICKS. ONE OF THE CHICKS WAS HATCHED ABOUT 48 HOURS AFTER THE FIRST.



BEGINNING TO TEAR UP FOOD FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE YOUNG BEING FED IN THE NEST, ON JUNE 20, WITH A MOUSE.



ON THE DAY OF DEPARTURE FROM THE NEST: ONE OF THE FULLY FLEDGED KESTRELS ON JULY 6, WHEN IT LEFT THE BOX.

gradually cast. A few days before leaving the nest, the young resembled their parents, except for a little down still on top of their heads, shorter wing and tail, and somewhat paler markings. On July 6th the first young left the box, flying with somewhat uncertain action to the roof of a nearby house, and thence to a tree. The same day the second left, and a day later the third, but the youngest did not fly until July 12th. The last 1 saw of them was one sitting a tree, on July 15th. The

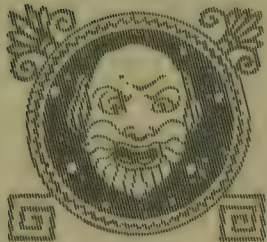
SALEM SCHOOL, IN BADEN, GERMANY, KESTREL PHOTOGRAPHS WAS AT SCHOOL. IS MARKED WITH AN ARROW (LEFT).



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

ENJOYABLE ORDEALS.

By ALAN DENT.



JUDGING from two of the best new films, the cinema seems bent on giving us experiences beyond the means of any of its more or less friendly rivals—the theatre, the radio-drama, or the televised drama.

In "Above Us The Waves" we are dragged against our will—but in the company of just about half of the best film-actors in Britain—through the troubled waters of the Battle of the Atlantic. We

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS AIR MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDIE IN "THE NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP" (MICHAEL BALCON-EALING STUDIOS FILM). Mr. Alan Dent writes: "Michael Redgrave's portrayal of an Air Marshal in a doomed plane flying over Japan is perhaps the best performance in a week of many good performances. It is not an outstandingly memorable piece of acting like this same player's unforgettably unhappy schoolmaster in 'The Browning Version.' But it assuredly has the all-important quality of a marshal of field or air: it has authority, and nothing that the actor says or does or indicates in his part is without this same cool and accomplished and assured quality."

are under the command of John Mills and are obliged first to act as human torpedoes in an expedition to abolish the huge German battleship *Tirpitz*, which is skulking in a Norwegian fjord. Other officers just above us, keeping us rather more at ease than John Mills does with his firm but friendly discipline, are Donald Sinden and John Gregson. And just before we set off cheerily for almost certain death we are complacently addressed by that most jovial and breezy of admirals, James Robertson. Justice, each hair of his beard curling and twinkling with congratulations on our pluck. "Easy for him!" we murmur as every able-bodied seaman has always murmured on leaving the comfortable office of High Command to embark on a comfortless foray.

We fail as human torpedoes. So we are then, for a second attempt, squeezed into midget submarines, three in all, which are to go right underneath the *Tirpitz* and attempt to blow it sky-high, with an implication amounting almost to a certainty that we shall blow ourselves sky-high along with it. First of all we are towed by larger submarines into Norwegian waters. We are known as X-1, X-2, and X-3, and everything that henceforth happens is so highly technical that my account will be read with perplexity by non-Service readers and with scornful amusement by Service ones. X-1, it would seem, succeeds in dashing through something called "an open boom-gate" into the fjord, whereas X-2 and X-3 are forced to cut their way through. One of us has his periscope smashed in a crash-dive and is submerged until zero hour, because to rise to the surface would give the whole game away. Another of us hits a torpedo net, is obliged to rise to the surface, and is at once espied, causing pandemonium and fury in *Tirpitz*. However, two of us eventually succeed

in undermining *Tirpitz* and attaching time-fused explosives.

The crews of two of our midgets are captured and taken aboard the enemy battleship. They refuse to tell when the bombs will explode, and they are complimented for their bravery by the captain—surprisingly, because he looks instead as though he were going to spit in each one of our faces. Some gruelling minutes later the *Tirpitz* is shaken by a tremendous explosion and slowly settles into the fjord. Most of us Englishmen escape serious injury, but we realise that those in the third midget have blown themselves up in order to achieve their objective.

The illusion that we really are there, and really have been through it all, is marvellously achieved. We sweat and shiver and make jokes about food in crises of deadly danger. It is all as like the real thing as makes no matter. It is, therefore, all above criticism. The unlikeliest things are those which probably actually happened. When one sees Mr. Sinden very gradually coaxing a live mine to go elsewhere by the simple process of kicking it away and being very careful not to touch any of the knobs with the toe of his sea-boot, all our instincts rebel against the probability of such a process. But I have no doubt whatever that a naval expert is on hand to verify that such a thing can be done and even has been done innumerable times.

The other film, which is called "The Night My Number Came Up," gives us an equally alarming

printed slip which said:—"The story's ending having rather special significance, the producers would be greatly appreciative of any decision not to reveal it in any printed comments." In point of fact, the film's ending is the weakest part of it and seems to me to have no special significance whatsoever.)

While we are viewing the plane from outside this film is not convincing. Film-makers are extraordinarily slow to realise that it spoils all illusion, however carefully this may have been built up, to show a plane in distress in a storm, by which one means to show it exteriorly. How could we possibly be following its disastrous course unless we were in another plane suffering similar hazards? The director of this film



"THE ILLUSION THAT WE REALLY ARE THERE, AND REALLY HAVE BEEN THROUGH IT ALL, IS MARVELLOUSLY ACHIEVED": "ABOVE US THE WAVES" (J. ARTHUR RANK), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH COMMANDER FRAZER (JOHN MILLS) RAISES A CUP OF SCHNAPPS TO THE LIPS OF HIS INJURED COMRADE, SUB-LIEUTENANT COX (LEE PATERSON) (LONDON PREMIERE: MARCH 31, ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE.)



A FILM WHICH GIVES US AN "ALARMING ILLUSION THAT WE ARE IN A PLANE THAT IS DOOMED TO CRASH": "THE NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP," A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING (L. TO R.) MCKENZIE (DENHOLM ELLIOTT); MARY (SHEILA SIM); WAINWRIGHT (RALPH TRUMAN); HARDIE (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) AND ROBERTSON (ALEXANDER KNOX). (LONDON PREMIERE: MARCH 24, LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE.) THE FILM IS BASED ON A SHORT STORY BY VICTOR GODDARD, ADAPTED FOR THE SCREEN BY R. C. SHERRIFF.

illusion that we are in a plane that is doomed to crash. We are flying to Tokio in the company of just about the other half of the best film-actors in Britain. Michael Redgrave is an Air Marshal, Alexander Knox an important official who has never flown before and will obviously never fly again even if he survives, Ralph Truman even more of a V.I.P., Nigel Stock the pilot, Denholm Elliott a nerve-strained young ex-pilot, Sheila Sim a pretty stenographer whom Tokio apparently needs in a mighty hurry, George Rose a loud man of business, and Michael Hordern a naval man who dreamed that this plane would come to harm and even dreamed the location where it would crash-land in the end. (I am careful not to say whether it landed safe-and-sound or disastrously, for the reason that all critics were solemnly handed a

is being much more imaginative when he shows us the alarm on the faces of some remote Japanese peasants in a snow-sequestered mountain village. They glance up in deep concern and awe, but can do nothing whatever about it.

Some weeks ago I drew attention to a similar lapse in illusion in the film called "The Caine Mutiny": "We are very much in the ship when the typhoon abates and shows us the interactions and antipathies of that little group of naval officers. But we are not in the ship at all when it is being tossed about by the typhoon. We are just watching the match-box craft of our childhood shaken about in a tub of water." In "The Night My Number Came Up" we are let down at what should be the moment of greatest tension by seeing a toy aeroplane being hurled with invisible string through mountains of rock-salt about a yard high.

But when we are in the plane, we really are in it, even though in the hour of greatest danger when it seems that the plane is about to split asunder, Miss Sim shows rather less perturbation than a good stenographer would if her boss were to split an infinitive. Mr. Stock makes his mark as a pilot who has the courage to tell an Air Marshal

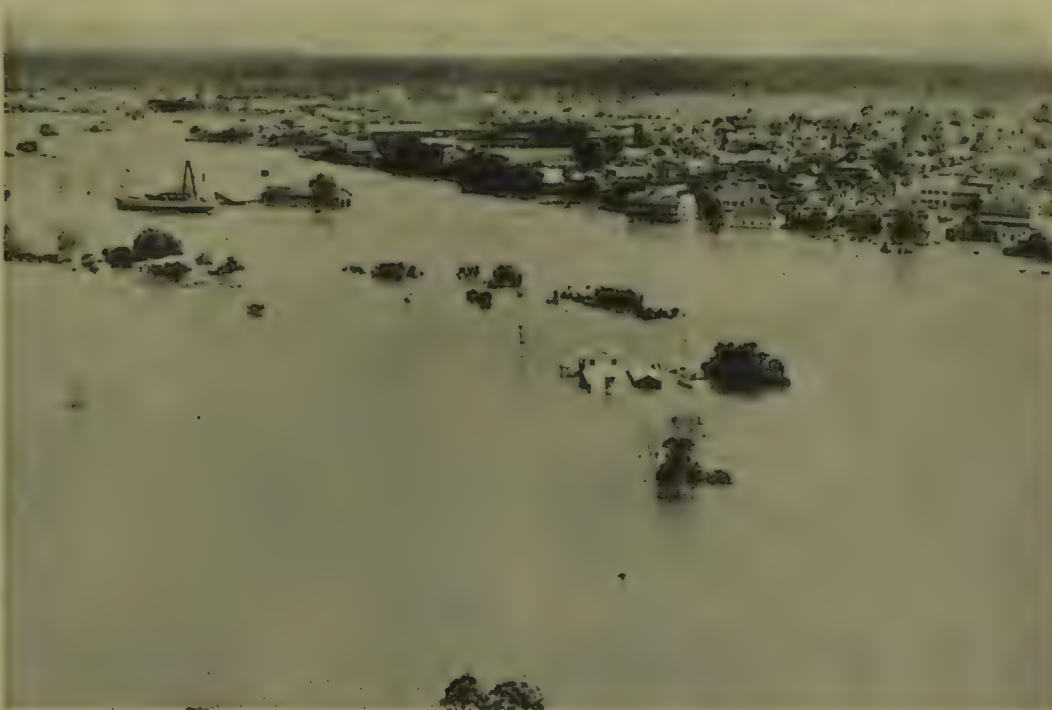
that he is in charge of his own plane, and nobody else; and Mr. Rose, a notable Shakespearean comedian, also makes his mark as a vulgar self-made man from somewhere around the Northern Midlands, with whom it is no pleasure at all to be in the same boat or plane. Mr. Redgrave towers above all others with his sheer authority as the Air Marshal. (He looks very much more like an Air Marshal than he did as an able-bodied seaman when I used to see him occasionally at London theatres during his leaves in the middle years of the war, when I myself was in no better plight, and no more convincingly dressed.)

Such have been the week's ordeals—a gruelling, "battering, killing week—a week of complete and dangerous rapture—a week depth-charged with excitement.

NEWS FROM FAR AND WIDE: AUSTRALIA, FRANCE, INDO-CHINA, WEST GERMANY.



FURNITURE BEING SALVAGED FROM ONE OF THE FLOODED HOUSES AT MARYBOROUGH, QUEENSLAND: A VIEW FROM THE AIR.



AUSTRALIAN FLOODS IN QUEENSLAND: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF MARYBOROUGH, NORTH OF BRISBANE, AFTER THE MARY RIVER HAD BROKEN ITS BANKS. Australia again suffered when a cyclone struck the South Queensland coast on March 28, causing serious damage to crops, houses and communications. In the town of Maryborough, north of Brisbane, the Mary River rose 8 ft. and over 1000 people were moved by boat from the danger area. These aerial views of Maryborough show the flooded township after the river had broken its banks, and, on the left, furniture being salvaged from a threatened house.



ALLIED AIR FORCES MARKING THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF "AIRCENT": AIR MARSHAL SIR BASIL EMBRY REVIEWING AIRMEN UNDER HIS COMMAND. To 2000 English, American, French, Canadian, Belgian and Netherlands airmen assembled at Fontainebleau on the occasion of the fourth anniversary of "Aircen," the air-arm of the N.A.T.O. forces, Sir Basil Embry, Commander of Allied Air Forces Central Europe, said: "Air power is the key to our survival."



S.H.A.P.E. OBSERVING ITS FOURTH ANNIVERSARY: GENERAL GRUENTHER, SUPREME COMMANDER ALLIED FORCES IN EUROPE, ADDRESSING THE GATHERING ON THE STEPS OF S.H.A.P.E. On April 2, the fourth anniversary of the founding of Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe was marked by a ceremony on the steps of S.H.A.P.E. headquarters in Paris, where, among Allied officials present, was Lord Ismay, Secretary-General of N.A.T.O. General Gruenther (centre) addressed the gathering.



SOUTH VIET-NAM GOVERNMENT TROOPS SETTING UP A MORTAR POSITION IN THE MAIN STREET OF SAIGON AFTER ATTACKS BY ANTI-GOVERNMENT FORCES HAD BEEN REPELLED. The situation in Saigon, where anti-Government forces have been attempting to overthrow M. Ngo Dinh Diem, the Premier of South Viet Nam, remains confused. The allegation, since denied, that the commander of the powerful Cao Dai private army had joined the Government forces came only thirty-six hours after some 100 people were killed or wounded in street-fighting between Government troops and those of the "United Front."



HOISTING THE LUFTHANSA FLAG AT HAMBURG BEFORE THE INAUGURAL FLIGHT OF THE REVIVED GERMAN AIRLINE.

West Germany returned to civil aviation on April 1, for the first time since the end of the war, when the reborn Lufthansa Airline inaugurated its regular passenger service. The first flight was completed when one of its four *Convair* aircraft touched-down at Dusseldorf after having flown from Hamburg. All flights will be within Germany until May 15, when flights to other European countries will begin. The pilots are all British.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THUNDER IN THE AIR.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is unkind, no doubt, to blame a dramatist for failure to write the kind of play he had not dreamed of writing. Nevertheless, I want, perversely, to pick that bone with Julien Green, the French author of "South," at the Arts Theatre. He has evolved here a drama of complex personal relationships, of hints and suggestions, a play that slithers round its subject and slides off again. It will not look us straight in the face.

distance—is heard in the daybreak and in the drawing-room where the body lies.

A fine curtain, and there had been a strongly atmospheric first act. (Atmosphere is the "boss word" of this week's article.) But the passions of Bonaventure very seldom touch the heart. It is a play in which the author has hidden himself in a tangle of dialogue, refusing to be explicit. That, I hasten to add, is not the opinion of the Arts producer.

Mr. Hall says in a pamphlet:

"It is a play about extremes: North versus South, white man against coloured man, the old world of Europe in contrast to the new world of America, the difficulty that the sexually normal have in understanding the sexually abnormal. When the difference between two such contrasting elements becomes so great, and they lack toleration and understanding one for the other, then the setting is ripe for tragedy. Green takes as the theme of his play Aristotle's definition of tragedy, 'the purification of a dangerous passion by violent liberation.'"

There we are. I can say only that, as the evening wore on, I found the inhabitants of Bonaventure a trying lot. My mind was less with the war in the house than with events at Sumter and in the outer world. There was atmosphere enough, certainly, in that hour before dawn while we were waiting

within and the lieutenant and the young Southerner fought in the glade by lantern-light. But too much is impending off-stage, the wider stage. In my mind

I was always ready for the first shot (the programme warned us of it) from the Confederate battery against the doomed fort in the harbour of Charleston.

The producer's note, if I may quote it again, says that "although the Lord Chamberlain has refused to grant a licence for public performance of this play, it is important to emphasise that it is not primarily about homosexuality; this topic is only a strand in



"THE DRAMATIST HAS NO TROUBLE AT ALL IN SUMMONING ATMOSPHERE, IN BRINGING TO THE STAGE THE TRUE 'FEEL' OF THAT GREAT PLANTATION HOUSE NEAR CHARLESTON, IN THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA." "SOUTH" (ARTS THEATRE CLUB), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WHICH TAKES PLACE IN THE SPRING OF 1861, WITH (L. TO R.) MRS. STRONG (JOAN YOUNG), EDWARD BRODERICK (ANDRÉ MORELL), JAN WICZIEWSKY (DENHOLM ELLIOTT) AND REGINA (CLARE AUSTIN).

That is a pity, because we feel that some of the people on this plantation of Bonaventure have been studied with care. The dramatist has no trouble at all in summoning atmosphere, in bringing to the stage (where, let me say, the producer, Peter Hall, is most ready to second him) the true "feel" of that great plantation house near Charleston, in the State of South Carolina. The time is almost exactly ninety-four years ago: the spring of 1861.

We are told the exact day of the month. Why is the author particularising? What does it matter to these people, to the young lieutenant with the Polish name and the bitter mocking-bird smile, to the plantation owner, who appears to carry the world's weight, to his niece from the North and to his flit-flutter daughter Angelina? It should mean a lot, for in the early dawn of April 12, 1861—the precise moment when the play ends—the first Confederate cannon-ball is fired towards Fort Sumter, and the Civil War is on. I wished with all my heart that the cast could have included the name of, say, General Beauregard, commander of the Provisional Forces of the Confederate States. He lives for me in the short prose passage at the opening of Book Two of Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body": "Beauregard, *beau-sabreur*, hussar-sword with the gilded hilt, the gilded metal of the guard twisted into lovelocks and roses, vain as Murat, dashing as Murat, Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard is a pose of conquering courtesies under a palmetto-banner."

He was watching the United States garrison as it marched out of Sumter at the end of a brief siege, thirty-three hours of bombardment. But there is no real need to summon his ghost for—alas!—he has nothing to do with Julien Green's play. He is well over thirty miles from Bonaventure, one of the figures of the historical background, a background that, for me, dwarfs the play and its pigmy torments. (Besides Beauregard, one thinks, too, of the gallant commander of the Fort, Major Anderson, who bore away the burnt and shot-riddled flag he defended, and which he asked to have wrapped round him in the grave.)

The young lieutenant with the Polish name who wanders around Bonaventure is, I gather, one of Anderson's men. He should have been at Sumter. Instead, in the last second of the play, the first cannon-shot of the Civil War is fired for us, as it were, over his dead body. "Go, bid the soldiers shoot." They are shooting many miles away, but up in Bonaventure the windows are rattling and the doors are flying open, and the report of the Charleston cannon—dulled by



"WITTY AND FLOWING IN DESIGN AND DANCED MOST HAPPILY BY ELAINE FIFIELD AND THE SADLER'S WELLS CAST": "MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME," FREDERICK ASHTON'S NEW BALLET AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, SHOWING ELAINE FIFIELD AS MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME AND ALEXANDER GRANT AS PIERRI SURROUNDED BY THE CORPS DE BALLET HOLDING JAPANESE LANTERNS.

Green's tapestry." Maybe; the dramatist does not seem anxious for us to observe his tapestry. It is, as I have said, a play of hint and implication. We know in the theatre that such artists as Denholm Elliott, ice and fire; André Morell, the unhappiest man in South Carolina, Lyndon Brook, Clare Austin, and Zena Walker are acting with uncommon appreciation. But, once we are outside, the weavers of the odd tapestry of emotional misadventure do not stay in the mind. All I remember now with clarity, writing a week after the event, is the shock of the cannon-ball that set America ablaze.

The play at the Arts is over-loomed by its anvil of thundercloud. There is thunder, too, a milder variety, above the household of "Uncertain Joy" (Royal Court). Still, everything here moves into a fair day and a happy ending. Most reasonably: we should have been bitter indeed if Charlotte Hastings (the dramatist, by the way, of "Bonaventure"—no connection with Julien Green) had allowed anything to dull the future of the child who dominates the night.

He is a problem child; Tod, with one of the most appalling fathers in stage history. After sundry tribulations, he is safe for ever in the care of Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans, and nothing could be happier than that. Before then he has almost (and unwittingly) cleft his guardians' house, wrecked their marriage; but we are sure that jealousy cannot last and that all will come right. Playgoers should not know too much about the development of the piece. Let me report that it is written with some charm and precision, and that the acting matches the text. Mr. Livesey has the most soothing silk-and-satin-lined purr on the stage; Miss Jeans is an impeccable partner; and there is a boy, an Infant Phenomenon called Michael Brooke, who is far less exasperated than the usual Phenomena: I would back him to melt a heart of concrete. Not a whale of a play, but it is pleasant to meet a well-conducted minnow. The dramatist has unpretentious good sense and she engages our affections surely.

The Covent Garden stage turns to the Japan of 1885 for a Frederick Ashton ballet, "Madame Chrysanthème," with music by Alan Rawsthorne. One of its scenes is in the House of Indescribable Butterflies at Nagasaki. Later, the French sailor, Pierre, has to be disillusioned by his butterfly-wife of a night. It all makes a highly atmospheric bitter-sweet ballet, based on Pierre Loti's novel and beautifully danced (especially by Elaine Fifiel) and designed (by Isabel Lambert). We know there is thunder in the air at the end; but the curtain falls before any peal.



"THE PLAY, UNFUSSED AND SENSIBLE, IS ABOUT AN AWFUL CHILD WHO MERELY NEEDS UNDERSTANDING": "UNCERTAIN JOY" (ROYAL COURT), SHOWING (L. TO R.) STEPHEN LEIGH (ROGER LIVESY), TOD (MICHAEL BROOKE) AND BARBARY LEIGH (URSULA JEANS).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SOUTH" (Arts Theatre Club).—It is Julien Green's *Sud* in his own translation: a play, set in South Carolina during the spring of 1861, in which I find the local amours, reasonable or abnormal, minor indeed against the swelling cloud of the Civil War. This view, I agree, must depend upon one's personal excitement, or lack of it, about that period of history. The dramatist concentrates upon domestic complexities, and there he appears to me to be maddeningly vague. There is plenty of the week's favourite word, atmosphere (Peter Hall's production accentuates it), and the last curtain is superb. But I left with the gnawing belief that Julien Green had been quite needlessly portentous. Distinguished all-round acting, especially by Denholm Elliott, André Morell, and Lyndon Brook. (March 30.) "UNCERTAIN JOY" (Royal Court).—An extremely pleasant little play (by Charlotte Hastings) that takes its title—if I have the quotation right—from a Danish proverb, "Children are certain sorrow and an uncertain joy." The play, unfussed and sensible, is about an Awful Child who merely needs understanding, and who gets it from a schoolmaster (Roger Livesey) and—ultimately—from the novelist-wife (Ursula Jeans). Michael Brooke, the child, should make a name for himself, and the only actor who appeared to me to fight against fate—he did it bravely—was Noel Howlett as a friendly Q.C.; some of his lines are less than beguiling. (March 31.) "MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME" (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden).—Loti's story about the French sailor and the brittle Japanese charmer, the ephemeral Nagasaki romance of 1885, has become a ballet, witty and flowing in design and danced most happily by Elaine Fifiel and the Sadler's Wells cast. Choreography by Frederick Ashton; music by Alan Rawsthorne. (April 1.)

"PARIS-LONDRES": PAINTINGS WHICH HAVE
RECENTLY MADE THE CHANNEL CROSSING.



"NOTRE DAME VUE DU QUAI HENRI IV."; A FAMOUS VIEW OF PARIS, BY STANISLAS LEPINE (1836-1892). SIGNED IN THE RIGHT BOTTOM CORNER. (Canvas; 21 by 33½ ins.)



"MARINE À TROUVILLE"; BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877), PAINTED c. 1866, A PARTICULARLY IMPRESSIVE SEAPIECE. (Canvas; 19½ by 24 ins.)



"LE CARRIER PROVENÇAL" ("THE PROVENÇAL QUARRY-MAN"); BY JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT (1796-1875), PAINTED c. 1867. (Canvas; 9 by 14 ins.)



"LA RIVIÈRE MORTE À DEAUVILLE" ("THE BACKWATER AT DEAUVILLE"); BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898), PAINTED IN 1888. (Canvas; 18 by 25½ ins.)



"DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY"; BY RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON (1802-1828). (Canvas; 16 by 13 ins.)



"LA PIÈCE À CONVICTION" ("VITAL EVIDENCE"); BY JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931), A CHARACTERISTIC STUDY OF A FRENCH LAW COURT. (Canvas; 23½ by 29 ins.)

The series of exhibitions which, for the past few years, Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons have been in the habit of arranging in their Bruton Street Galleries under the title of "Paris-Londres" is continued this month with an interesting display of pictures purchased abroad from various owners, none of which have been shown before in London. The major portion of works in the exhibition, which was due to open on April 13 (and will continue throughout the month), are by well-known French painters of the nineteenth century, but two British names appear in the catalogue—those of Walter Sickert and of Richard Parkes Bonington. The Sickert paintings are included because they were painted in France in the

early years of the century, purchased by French collectors, and have never been in this country before; and the Bonington was painted in France (where the artist studied and spent much of his short life), sold in Paris after his death, and was acquired from a collection in Holland. Thus, like all the other exhibits, it is making its first appearance in this country. The selection of paintings from the exhibition which we reproduce gives a good idea of its quality. The works on view also include good examples of the work of Camille Pissarro, Brianchon, Vuillard and Renoir; and there is a small Modigliani group, consisting of a couple of drawings and a pastel.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONE can't expect a major novel every week; and yet a week which affords nothing in that line—nothing outsize, nothing in any way sensational—is an agreeable rarity. It "makes a change," without being at all necessarily a comedown. This week, for instance, the scale is definitely minor, but the standard high—for pure enjoyment, very high: even though one may think the first two writers have done better things.

At least, I thought so; but then I have a great esteem for both of them. "The Figure in the Mist," by Elizabeth Coxhead (Collins; 10s.), cannot be called a disappointing story; it is, in fact, very engaging—compact of appeal and skill. But it is also lightweight; and it is padded, though enjoyably. And yet the author has a very serious, really substantial gift: though of the classic, not the pioneering order. Her vision is distinctly feminine; indeed, her novels might be marked "for women only," if they were less outstanding.

However, this, her latest, is a holiday novel, in more senses than one. For Mrs. Ogilvy, wife of the Taylorian Professor of Mathematics, is looking for a student-help, to take over the housework and the little boy in their summer holiday on Arran. She can't offer much money; and she is heart-wrung at the tragedy of her own lot. A highly educated, fine-drawn, elect spirit, condemned by the twentieth century to the life of a soulless drudge! "A razor to do a hatchet's work!" Of course, no girl in her senses will apply. Yet on the other hand, "these London students are no class at all"; it would be wonderful for one of them to find herself in *such a milieu*!

Margaret, in other words, is a self-centred, boring little nincompoop. But she was right to this extent: Agnes, the one responsive student, is "no class." She lives in a mean suburban wilderness, and has a "common" voice, and says "by-bye" and "hubby" and "pop round." Moreover, she is plain, fat, and unpopular with "boys." Margaret, the professional pretty creature, has a try at smartening her up—but not much seems to come of it. Margaret has caught a tartar, for all that. She has incurred a housemate with brains, and what Professor Ogilvy calls nerve; a girl who can climb rocks, and call a young man boring to his teeth—and meet a humorous intelligence on its own ground. Agnes had heard that the Professor was a "glamour-boy." He proves to be a funny little man with a tweed cap and a drooping moustache; but it was quite true all the same. And though they don't go beyond friendship, Margaret has good cause to be jealous and get rid of her.

Fiction has scarcely caught on to the Agnes Flints, though in reality they must abound; but with this novelist they are a feature. Here she throws in the magic of Arran, the thrill of rock-climbing, and an attractive, sturdy little boy.

OTHER FICTION.

"True as a Turtle," by John Coates (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), far from being less solid than one could wish, is rather more continuous. And more didactic, in a way: though it is Mr. Coates's way, not at all glum. This writer specialises in sex; and as it happens not to bother him, he has a grace beyond the reach of art. But this time he is almost lecturing (although obliquely) on the marriage tie. It is an object-lesson, to be sure, in a peculiar frame; it "might be called *Honeymoon on a Yacht*." Tony and Jane were going to Italy. But Mr. Partridge wanted them to crew—and Tony didn't like to "let him down"—and so, instead, they have to spend their honeymoon in *Turtle*, in a party of eight (children included). Toiling like blacks, at that; and with a crisis always coming up. And then as a last straw, Tony and Jane have to give up the State Room. Susan, the little girl, has measles. . . . That was the one fragment of honeymoon in the whole trip; yet Tony doesn't really mind. In leisure hours, he is absorbed in splicing ropes or tinkering with the engine; and then he disappears for a "snooze"—

And so Jane's heart is broken. She understands that there is no equality in marriage. Men are the enemy, and always win. Because it is their world—and they can live without women, while women can't live without them.

I thought she was confusing *Turtle* with the world. But she comes through it charmingly; the boss-sex is not spared, and though the incidents are rather uniform and small, there is a lot of fun.

"Soldier of Fortune," by Ernest Gann (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), looks like adventure, but is something else. One might describe it as a portrait of Hong Kong, in the imperial dusk, in an uncharted sea of trouble. The writer is American; so, therefore, is Jane Hoyt, who has turned up in quest of her husband. Louis slipped into China to take photographs; he had been warned, but he would go. And Jane is determined to get him out. Official sources—the American consul, and the British police—are well-meaning but impotent. Next, she explores the half-world, of her fellow-countrymen and others—those who helped Louis into danger. And finally, she is directed to Hank Lee, a big-time renegade and smuggler, with a large heart. From there on you can guess. The story is animated enough; but it is nothing to the populous and lively scene. For the most appealing character in the book there is a sad and sudden ending, which I can't forgive.

"The Moonflower," by Beverley Nichols (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), has an ultra-romantic setting at Candle Court, where Mrs. Faversham collects rare plants, and where the magic moonflower (for which she has financed an expedition to Uruguay) is about to bloom at £1000 a seed. It is a "dark and dreadful night"; a murderer has just escaped from Princeton gaol; but plump, bespectacled little Mr. Green is hard by in the Greyhound, waiting for the moonflower to come out. And just as well; for Mrs. Faversham is robbed and strangled that same night. Almost everyone had a financial or other motive; and it is Mr. Green's incomparable nose, and the strange conduct of the moonflower, that reveal the truth. The plot is ingenious, and yet easily deployed; and there is virtue in its candidly old-fashioned style, and in its mild, Pickwickian, religious, sentimental little smeller-out.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

CASTLES IN SCOTLAND.

"THIS is feudal indeed," said Boswell, after he and Dr. Johnson had climbed up to Dunvegan Castle, in the Isle of Skye. Dunvegan is only one, though one of the more remarkable, of the houses described and illustrated in "Scottish Country Houses and Gardens Open to the Public," by John Fleming (Country Life; 25s.). On the whole, partly because of the climate, partly because of the materials with which they were built, Scottish castles and country houses are grimmer and less attractive than their English equivalents. The original Scottish castles were based on the rectangular Norman *donjon*, with which the Scots became familiar on their cattle raids over the border. These peel-towers are, as Mr. Fleming points out, "uncouth, glum-looking constructions of the severest type of architecture." Scotland was fortunate, however, in that in the eighteenth century such fine and civilised architects as William Adam Senior and Sir William Bruce were at hand to lend grace to the barbarism of the north. The alliance of classical eighteenth-century grace to grey stone produces some curious and beautiful effects, as does, for example, that fantastic building, the English factory in Oporto, which was built by the brothers Adam out of grey granite! Not all the houses illustrated are easily accessible to the public, and some, like Kinross House, are only infrequently open for inspection, but this delightful book will, I suspect, have quite an influence on some readers' holiday plans.

Bali, alas, is a little far away to come into such plans, but "Bliss in Bali," by Jacques Chegaray (Barker; 18s.), has made me feel once more keen regret at never having been able to go to that enchanted land. M. Jacques Chegaray is a well-known traveller and the author of many books on out-of-the-way places. He has a keen eye for the curious, the unusual and the picturesque, and his judgments are by no means conventional. Bali must be the very home of the dance, judging from the amount of attention which the author gives to it, both in the text and the excellent illustrations. A most agreeable book.

Nearer home there is "Portuguese Journey," by Garry Hogg (Museum Press; 16s.). It is some years since I last visited Portugal, but the charm of that delightful little country has remained vividly in my memory. Mr. Hogg admirably evokes the spirit and feel of that sun-drenched land. Next to Rome, I think I would place Lisbon as the world's most attractive and agreeable capital, for, like Rome, it has that easy blending of all ages and all styles of architecture into a harmonious and picturesque whole. In the countryside, too, the pleasant pink, blue, white or ochre-washed houses blend as happily with their natural surroundings as do Cotswold cottages. I was amused, incidentally, to note that Mr. Hogg had missed an interesting point. He mentions and shows illustrations of the pleasant little Northern Portuguese resort of Peniche. I regret to say that an ancestor of mine gave a phrase to the Portuguese language, "*los amigos de Peniche*," which signifies a guest who has outstayed his welcome. During the struggle which culminated in the second restoration of the Kingdom of Portugal an Anglo-French-Irish expedition, under the first Earl of Inchiquin, then a Royalist exile, arrived at Peniche to assist the Portuguese against the Spaniards. Inchiquin, who is thought to be the only general to have defeated Cromwell in the field (albeit a fairly small engagement), for once displayed a remarkable lethargy. So much so, that the Portuguese were ultimately constrained to invite their hard-drinking, good-living "liberators" to withdraw their expensive protection! A sunny little book about a sunny little land.

There is sun again to be found in "The Seas of Sicily," by Philippe Diolé (translated by Alan Ross) (Sidgwick and Jackson; 12s. 6d.). While this book deals primarily with this new, strange, fantastic underwater world which is becoming so popular both for the photographer and the fisherman with aqualung and harpoon, it nevertheless deals with the history and the fables of that fabulous island. Indeed, for me, Sicily, with its Greek-Roman-Phoenician-Norman-Moorish associations, is a historian's delight. Even to this day, for example, "the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies" evokes the sound and feel of sixteenth-, seventeenth- and eighteenth-century power politics and international intrigue. The great theatre at Syracuse, the miserable Athenian captives after that disastrous expedition, the stocky beak-nosed Norsemen, who for a brief period in Sicily's later history brought northern order to give dignity to Latin indolence and Mediterranean ease and grace, brood over this ancient land. M. Diolé, as I say, pretends to be mainly interested in fish and the sea floor. In actual fact, he has written a travel book on Sicily which is as agreeable, as balanced and (as a result, no doubt, partly of the excellent translation by Mr. Alan Ross) as witty and amusing as one could wish.

I like writers and scientists who give me easily digested facts. In "The Moving Waters," by John Stewart Collis (Rupert Hart-Davis; 15s.), I am told in a way which my unscientific mind finds easy to grasp of the more extraordinary aspects of our world. He tells me that air, for example, can congeal into a kind of jelly which suffocated the unfortunate sailor who climbed down into the cabin of a hulk in the Atlantic. We are told that the total amount of atmosphere pressing down upon the earth is about 5,000,000,000,000 tons—"the equivalent of a slab of granite 1000 miles long, 2000 miles wide and half-a-mile thick," and that "We walk upon the floor of an ocean of air which presses upon us—and upon the frailest blade of grass—to such a degree that we sustain on our heads about half-a-ton's weight." Mr. Collis also informs me that our atmosphere is a 700-miles-thick cushion which protects us from an unending assault of meteors which bombard us at a rate which varies between 8,000,000,000 and 800,000,000,000 every twenty-four hours. But Mr. Collis is not mainly concerned with our atmosphere, but with the water which makes up so much of it. He traces it from the moment when it is drawn up out of the sea to the time when it returns there, and gives, with a host of interesting and unusual facets, its effect on us and the material world which lies around us.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

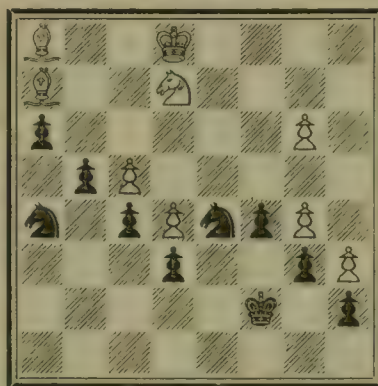
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

COMPOSED chess studies can often be solved by some mysterious king move in a corner when violent moves like R×Qch fail.

Such mysterious king moves occur in practical play, in "distant opposition" themes, for instance. I myself have found them so hard to understand in the literature of chess, so easy in my own games, that I feel a patient exposition of a recent game in which I made two in succession, might help some studious reader somewhere.

White.



Black.

In the diagrammed position White moved 1. K-B2 and I (Black) replied 1... K-Q1! My opponent continued 2. B-Kt3, whereupon I replied 2... K-K1! I believe any other first or second move on my part would have lost, but with these I drew. If 1... K-Q1 and 2... K-K1 look mysterious to you, read on.

Let us suppose for the moment that White had moved 1. B×Kt. After 1... P×B; 2. Kt-B3? he would run into trouble from 2... P-Kt6; Black can force a pawn in to queen—e.g., 3. B×P, Kt×B; 4. K-B2, P-R7!

In going 1. K-B2, however, White threatens to win by this very manoeuvre: 2. B×Kt, P×B; 3. Kt-B3. Now, of course, 3... P-Kt6ch is inadequate; 4. B×P, Kt×B; 5. K×Kt, P-Q5; 6. Kt-Q1; so suppose Black tries 3... P-Q5 (planning to rush this pawn forward and, if White detaches his king to catch it, revert to... P-Kt6).

Unfortunately, White can now play 4. Kt-Q5ch, and answer 4... K-Q1 or Q2 by 5. Kt×P! or 4... K-B1 or Kt1 by 5. Kt-K7(ch), followed by 6. Kt×KBP. In either case, Black wins a pawn for nothing and can whisk back his knight to K3 in time to stop the QP.

This is the critical line of play. How is Black to answer the threat of 1. B×Kt...? Any pawn or knight move would concede either material or (just as fatal) dangerous mobility to White's pieces; e.g., 1... Kt-Kt2; 2. Kt-B3 and Black is clearly worse off. So a king move it must be. Let us try 1... K-Q2. Play proceeds: 2. B×Kt, P×B; 3. Kt-B3. Black might try 4... K-K3; but now after 5. Kt-R4! P-Q5 (what else?), Kt×BPch!, Black is lost.

So 3... P-Q5 then; 4. Kt-Q5, P-Q6; 5. Kt×Pch. Black dare not capture—5... P×Kt; 6. P-R7, P-Q7; 7. K-K2, P-Kt6; 8. P-R8(Q), etc.—so has again shed a pawn for nothing.

Had Black originally gone (1. K-B2), K-B1, then on move 5 White would fork the king and the KBP, moving the latter and returning to supervise the QP from K3.

Why, then, did I play 1... K-Q1...? Because (a) I must move my king, and (b) Q1 is the only square where it is not checked by the enemy knight from K4 OR Kt3 OR Qb2. No mystery now!

Now 2. B×Kt would again be a blunder: 2... P×B; 3. Kt-B3, P-Q5; 4. Kt-Q5 (no check!), P-Q6; 5. Kt×P (still no check! so) 5... P-Q7; 6. K-K2 (6. Kt-B4, thanks to Black's wasting no king moves through checks, is now just one move too late), 6... P-Kt6, and Black wins.

tells me that air, for example, can congeal into a kind of jelly which suffocated the unfortunate sailor who climbed down into the cabin of a hulk in the Atlantic. We are told that the total amount of atmosphere pressing down upon the earth is about 5,000,000,000,000 tons—"the equivalent of a slab of granite 1000 miles long, 2000 miles wide and half-a-mile thick," and that "We walk upon the floor of an ocean of air which presses upon us—and upon the frailest blade of grass—to such a degree that we sustain on our heads about half-a-ton's weight." Mr. Collis also informs me that our atmosphere is a 700-miles-thick cushion which protects us from an unending assault of meteors which bombard us at a rate which varies between 8,000,000,000 and 800,000,000,000 every twenty-four hours. But Mr. Collis is not mainly concerned with our atmosphere, but with the water which makes up so much of it. He traces it from the moment when it is drawn up out of the sea to the time when it returns there, and gives, with a host of interesting and unusual facets, its effect on us and the material world which lies around us.

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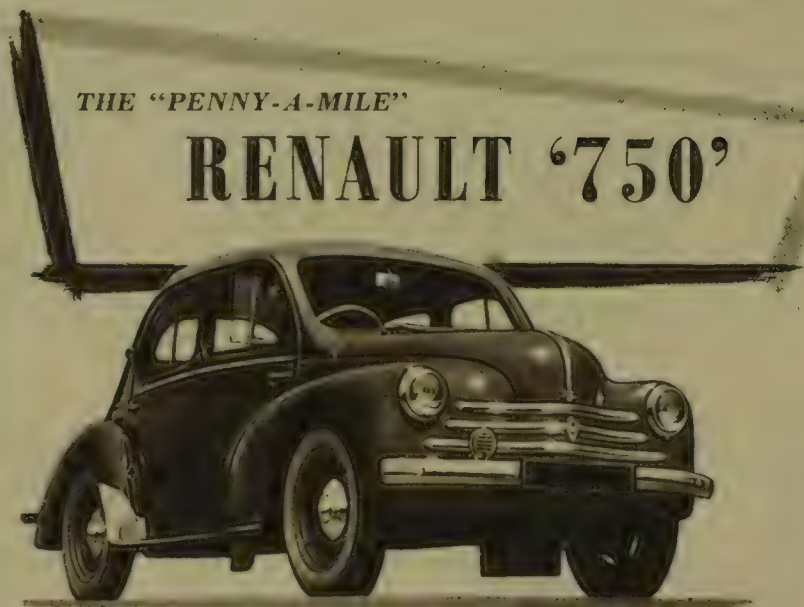
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the motocracy

Written by Stephen Potter and drawn by Loudon Sainthill

Schweppsylvania, 49th of the United States and more so than any of them, is neither a technocracy nor a republicanocracy. It is a motocracy, misleadingly called autocracy — a government of, by, and for autos, with, practically, an auto for governor. For their greater honour, motels are for cars, not people. Mo-parks are clustered with charming polishers and mo-manicurists waiting to tempt the appetite of reclining engines with the oiliest oils and the petroly-est petrols; while slender girls inject into the tyres, from lovely bottles, purest Detroit air. All highways are mo-ways only. Pedestrians who get in the way are removed after a time to the side of the road and imprisoned, when they recover, for dangerous walking. But the damaged car has been driven, long since, by mo-ambulance to the mo-hospital.

SCHWEPPERVESCEENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Shell Nature Studies

EDITED BY
JAMES FISHER

NO

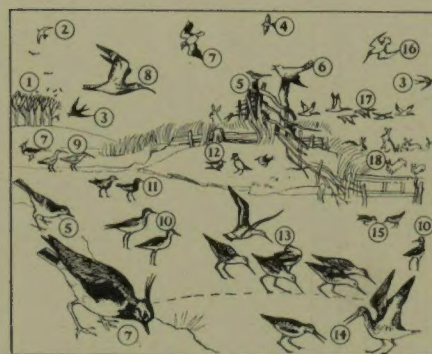
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Wild life in APRIL



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder

A TIDAL GUTTER ON THE EAST COAST FLATS; a sweet-and-sour day of sun and drizzle in the third week of April. In another fortnight the leaves will hide the rookery (1). The swallow tribe have come; the sand-martin (2) arrived in the first week of the month, the swallow (3) in the second, the house-martin (4) in the third. Summer-visitors, too, are yellow wagtail (5), singing in its territory or feeding at the edge of the plough, and cuckoo (6). An off-duty nesting lapwing (7) feeds while its mate incubates. The migrant waders pass; curlew (8) still moving are probably bound for Scandinavia, whimbrel (9) for Iceland, greenshank (10) and golden plover (11) for Highland Scotland, ruffs (12) for the western end of the Baltic, bar-tailed godwits (13) for Iceland. Most of these are in full spring plumage; the ruffs have nearly grown their strange adornments, and already display them in desultory fights. The resident redshanks (14) nest in the marsh; in courtship they bow and raise their wings as banners. On their way to some quiet inland streamside, common sandpipers (15) refuel, continually bobbing their trim bodies. Above the marsh a snipe (16) dives in its drum-flight. The shelducks (17) fly their last spring excursions in flocks — some have already dispersed to their nesting-burrows. The early crop of young rabbits (18) is well-grown.



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